

n Southern Brazil Reported

**GERMAN UPRISING
NOW IN PROGRESS
IN SOUTH BRAZIL**

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 2. — A German uprising in progress in Southern Brazil completely paralyzing railway traffic, according to reports received in this city.

**ASK MILLION
GRANT FOR THE
PATRIOTIC FUND**

—
Theodore, Vice-President of the

**Canadians Now Closing
In On Passchendaele
Fighting Intermittent**

Canada's Oldest Battalion Captured Meetechele—An Event That Will Live in History Alongside the Taking of Bellevue Spur—Feeds of Heroism, Combined with Soldierly Qualities and Promptness in Decision Gained the Day

(By Morning Bulletin Lessed Wire)

CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, via London, Nov 11 (By Morning Bulletin Lessed Wire).

2.—(By the Canadian Overseas correspondent).
The Canadians have closed in further toward Passchendaele. Following the great battle on the left wing, when our troops on the extreme left proved their marked superiority over the enemy while our right outposts ventured into Passchendaele itself, the fighting has been intermittent all along the line.

Opposite Meetehele, where the front lines are near together, the Canadians and the Bosches, under the Red Cross flag, buried their dead and evacuated their wounded on Wednesday afternoon. Stretcher-bearers of both forces passed and repassed one another in the mud and slime.

Had to Be Taken

When our left moved forward on October 30, this battalion faced Metechela. A thousand yards of rising country, one succession of shell holes, the stagnant water lay before Canadian troops that necessary "jumping off" place which was so vital to the success of further movements. Men who know, declared that the leadership shown in this instance was one of the most striking exhibitions of the

filled with stagnant water; they then, and to their right was a marsh. They skirted that marsh and struggled forward up the heights, paying for every yard of the advance, for the Bosches fought well here, defending every foot of their shell holes. Raked by much gun-fire, shelled constantly, the best military qualities in the history of the war. The way was paved for the successes of Crest Farm and Meethole.

Last night there was further fighting on both the right and left flanks, our outposts gaining valuable ground.

The grand total of prisoners taken now amounts to about 17 officers and over 550 other ranks. Information gathered from them indicates increasing unrest in Germany.

Prisoners Tell of Unrest

Headlines are reported in Ham-

Canada's Oldest Battalion
Meechele was protected and was strong in machine guns. Seventy-five yards beyond was another point equally powerful. Canada's oldest battalion captured Meechele. That cap-

ture will live in Canadian history for the daring of the battalion which made it just as the capture of Bellevue Spur, when the full story can be written, will live, because of the gallantry of the men who took it and the splendid individual record of one man.

Much confusion in the enemy's plan of resistance was information received by the examination of prisoners. Our machine gun barrage was so effective on October 30th that reinforcements were entirely cut off from the enemy. In some instances, for

pended the success of the battle. The decision was left to a man on the spot. That man commanded the support of the battalion. It was a time to test his soldierly qualities to the utmost. There was no hesitation. To call for further artillery support meant the bringing up of the 22nd Bavarian Infantry Reserve, in which both the front reserve companies sustained very heavy casualties, the men in front, seeing that they could not expect any reinforcements, surrendered.

ing of the barrage weak. No such call was made. Issuing his orders in the open under shell fire, he called upon his men to advance, and advance they did. Nothing could stop them. Going forward gloriously, they cleared up 18 pill boxes on the way, gaining their

Direct Trading by U.S. Millers With European Countries

With European Countries is Stopped by Administration

(By Morning Bulletin Leased Wire)
NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The milling division of the United States food administration announced here tonight that, effective immediately, all direct trading by American millers, exporters

The new regulations were made, it was stated, "to effect proper control and to centralize the handling of ex-

157 THOUSAND NOW REGISTERED
UNDER MILITARY SERVICE ACT

UNDER MILITARY SERVICE ACT
EIGHT DAYS REMAIN OF PERIOD

OTTAWA, Nov. 2.—One hundred and fifty seven thousand men have registered under the terms of the Military Service Act. They are divided in this manner:

Exemption claims	144,628
------------------------	---------

The percentage of Quebec City registrations in respect of available population has hitherto been low. Recent returns have increased Quebec's showing so much that the city now stands well up in the list. The percentage of

Reported for service 12,975
Total Registrations 167,602

The totals have been compiled from returns received by the Military Service Council from the various registrars throughout the Dominion. They are the first figures available.

Eight days still remain in which to register.

LAURIER TO VISIT

cover the period since the proclamation was published calling out the first class of men, up to and including yesterday. How the various districts compare is shown in the following table:

District	Claims Reported	Enrolled
1st	1,000	1,000
2nd	1,000	1,000
3rd	1,000	1,000
4th	1,000	1,000
5th	1,000	1,000
6th	1,000	1,000
7th	1,000	1,000
8th	1,000	1,000
9th	1,000	1,000
10th	1,000	1,000
11th	1,000	1,000
12th	1,000	1,000
13th	1,000	1,000
14th	1,000	1,000
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27th	1,000	1,000
28th	1,000	1,000
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30th	1,000	1,000
31st	1,000	1,000
32nd	1,000	1,000
33rd	1,000	1,000
34th	1,000	1,000
35th	1,000	1,000
36th	1,000	1,000
37th	1,000	1,000
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39th	1,000	1,000
40th	1,000	1,000
41st	1,000	1,000
42nd	1,000	1,000
43rd	1,000	1,000
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93rd	1,000	1,000
94th	1,000	1,000
95th	1,000	1,000
96th	1,000	1,000
97th	1,000	1,000
98th	1,000	1,000
99th	1,000	1,000
100th	1,000	1,000

District.	for exemption.	for service.
London	15,051	327
Toronto	28,073	2,673
Kingston	13,143	401
Hull	1,447	45
Montreal	10,451	564
Quebec	6,923	53

Halifax	8,119	1,059	and will probably speak at some of the most important points. His manifesto to the electors will be made public in Monday morning's papers.
St. John	5,590	759	
Charlottetown	2,339	204	
Kenora	933	245	
Winnipeg	12,583	1,488	PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Nov. 2.—
Vancouver	6,016	1,961	The Trades and Labor Council has declined to take any part in the tra-
Essex	19,050	1,246	

Calgary	14,955	1,955	posed conference for the selection of
Totals	144,628	12,875	a union candidate.

ROYAL COMMISSION IS NAMED TO TAKE PLACE OF CONCILIATION BOARD

Dominion Government Adopts New Scheme to Evade the Legal Proceedings Launched by the City Council—Mr. Justice McCarthy Selected as Commissioner—Hearings

Action taken by the Federal Department of Labor news of which reached the city Friday morning, has brought to a sudden end the board of inquiry into the complaints of the employees of the city.

In its place a royal commission has been appointed to investigate and report respecting public inquiries and Mr. J. H. Mackle has been named to investigate and report on the difference between the employees and the city.

Result of Injunction

The Federal government has taken the case of the employees out of the injunction applied for by the city and the investigation will now be conducted with the least delay.

Appointment was expected shortly and the investigation would likely be completed within early next week.

The Conciliation Board

The conciliation board, which the industrial disputes act composed of Justice L. A. Mackle held its first sitting on Monday afternoon and adjourned Wednesday, when it was served with an injunction restraining them from holding further sittings.

The grounds on which the injunction was granted were that the board was not authorized to hold sittings in making application for the injunction.

It was argued on Monday next as to whether the injunction should be made per-

The appointment of Mr. Justice McCarthy under the public inquires act will permit of an investigation of these differences entirely apart from the industrial disputes act.

Men Ready to Proceed

Abbott & McLaughlin, solicitors for the men, say that the men would be prepared to proceed as soon as notified.

POLICE MAY BE CALLED ON TO

[illegible]

Families Already Represented. Another very important message received from the War Relocation Authority is that exemptions being granted to men out of the country for military service. The Commissioner of Immigration has stated that where there is only one son remaining in the family, he has already sent one or more of his relatives to the front, under voluntary enlistment, and that he will not remove the grounds of domestic position from the family's record.

In the case of a family which has sent a son to the front, the remaining members of the family are exempted from the remaining

**WM. AYRE STRUCK
BY AUTOMOBILE**

**LIBERAL PRIMARY
ON SOUTH SIDE**

I.T.P. Engineer Injured in Accident at 101st and

The Liberal electors of Edmonton South will hold their primary meeting at 101st and

Jasper

At two-thirty this afternoon an accident occurred at the corner of First street and Jasper when an automobile driven by Mrs. Don Grant, of 12th street, ran into Mrs. J. E. Rymer, G.T.P., of 12304 12th avenue. The police officer who was on duty was rounding the corner when they stepped out from the pavement near the Owl Drug store. He was hit in the front fender, thrown off his balance and the back fender caught on and crushed his leg. It was not thought the injury is very serious.

block, Whyrte avenue, November 5th at 8 p.m. to select delegates to attend the Liberal convention at Walskilling, November 5th. All supporters of the Liberal party are invited.

**Strathcona Federal
Constituency**

**Liberal
Primary Meetings**

office of Dr. Chaplin, who gave rest aid there and was then taken to a general hospital.

Bydones and others seem to attach no blame to the driver of the car. The man had apparently not noticed the approach of the car and had started to cross the street.

Some witnesses did not seem to attach any blame to the driver of the car. They apparently had not noticed the approach of the car and had started to cross the street. Others

of electors of Edmonton South, city polls 1, 2, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35 and 36, will be held at the Liberal Club Rooms, Hainlin Block, Winnipeg, on November 17, 1917, at 8.00 p.m. sharp, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the Liberal Party convention, which will be held at Detaghtwin on Nov. 18, 1917.

On November 17, the Liberal Party is requested to attend

FOR PROMPT DELIVERY PHONE 2221.
PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER
Headlight Coal

BURNS ALL NIGHT

Note the price **\$4²⁵** per ton **10 TON LOTS**
\$4 PER TON.

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INSURE YOUR PARCELS SENT TO BOYS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE

PHONE 6329

ALBERTA CANADIAN INVESTMENTS Ltd

INSURANCE BROKERS MERCHANTS BANK BLDG.

Walking Sticks!

Best quality Snake Wood and Mahogany Walking Sticks, finely finished, for car lots — \$1.00 to \$10.00
Returned Soldiers Sticks — \$1.00

ASH BROS.

Jewellers, Diamond Merchants,
C.P.H. Watch Importers,
Issuers of Marriage Licenses.

FARMERS

You Will Save Money
By Getting Our
Prices on

LUMBER

before placing your orders elsewhere. We are quoting special prices to Farmers and Settlers for car lots — also on small shipments — We ship daily to all points in this District by Local Freight — Call at our yards or write us for our special prices on Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Hoofing, Siding, Doors and all building material.

D.R. FRASER & CO.

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Phone 1830. Edmonton.
201 Namayo Avenue.

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MARRIAGE LICENSES

JACKSON BROTHERS
Leading Jewelers
887 Jasper Avenue East
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Phone 2243

RED TRIANGLE MEN

IN BIG CONVENTION

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at Ottawa Meeting of
Y.M.O.A.

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DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

So do not disappoint the boys at the front who are expecting their Christmas Cakes

by delaying ordering and sending.

LET US HAVE THAT ORDER NOW

\$1.25 TO \$2.50

Packed in Tins Ready for Mailing

J.A. HALLIER

THE STORE OF QUALITY

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MARRIED

PARELW-MELNYK—At the First Presbyterian Church on Nov. 1st by Rev. Dr. McQueen, William John Paret, of Two City Taxi Co., and Annie Melnyk.

THE WEATHER

Forecast—Mild today and tomorrow.

Albany—Mild today and tomorrow.

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Store Opens at 8:30 A.M.

Closes 6 P.M. Saturday

Included.

Johnstone-Walker's Shopping News

One Hundred or More Stylish Winter Coats and Fancy

Suits Re-Priced for Clearance Saturday

Scores of Different Styles from which to choose in all the Favored Materials and Colors

We are preparing for one of the busiest days Saturday the Coat and Suit Section has witnessed this season. Sixty stylish, warm, winter coats in a dozen or more of the season's smartest and most practical styles, that have formerly sold at \$18.50 and \$20.00, have been re-priced for a speedy clearance at \$14.95. And 40 or more novelty winter suits in the latest New York styles — most of which are in strictly exclusive models formerly priced up to \$95.00, must now move out at \$39.95.

Those who contemplate making such a purchase will find it very much to their interest to come here early Saturday.

COATS

Tailored in the wool, blanket cloth, frieze, and novelty plaid effects, in the dark serviceable and popular colors such as NAVY, BROWN, GREEN, GRAY or BLACK.

All fashioned in the belted and loose straight effects, with large convertible collars, trimmed with velvet, plumes, velvet fasteners, or of self, with patch pockets on each side, and fancy button fasteners. Half lined and well finished in every way. Regularly \$18.50 and \$20.00. Sizes 16 to 40. Clearing Saturday special —

\$14.95

\$7.50 and \$8.50 Cozy, Warm Fur Neck

Scarfs at \$5.95

Long-haired Korean wool in three good styles, the single and animal effect, two-shouldered effect crossed in the back, or the circular back style with scarf ends. Regularly \$7.50 and \$8.50. Clearing Saturday special —

\$5.95

Women's Separate Vests & Drawers

at 50c

Women in search of separate vests and drawers will search through the City and not be able to find a better value in those garments than what we are offering for 50c.

The vests are of fine knitted cotton, slightly fleeced on inside. Shown in high neck and long sleeve and short sleeve styles. Size 34 to 40.

Drawers to match the above in both open and closed styles. Price at 50c.

Women's Dainty Coat Covers Priced at 35c Each

Women who set eyes on these dainty coat covers will surely find in one or two, even if they are not in immediate need of one, a very desirable addition to their wardrobe. They are of fine white cambric with dainty lace yokes, finished with poplin at waist. Sizes 34 to 44. Price at 35c.

Women's Serviceable Overall Aprons at 65c

These serviceable overall aprons are of good quality print in blue, green, and red. They are of the latest design, with a wide belt and a full skirt. They are in belted styles with short sleeves and service pockets. Size 36 to 44. Price at 65c.

Women's and Children's Cashmere HOSE in

Reliable Makes at Money Saving Prices

"BETTER quality hosiery for less money." That's the motto our hosiery buyer keeps foremost in his mind when replacing and sorting up these stocks. And scores of women are continually discovering that they get better service from our hose regardless of the price they pay.

WOMEN'S BLACK CASHMERE HOSE in winter weight cotton and wool mixed cashmere yarns; perfectly seamless and with extra spliced heels and toes. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 50c.

WOMEN'S CASHMERE HOSE in lovely soft wool and cotton yarns. Perfectly seamless, with double heels and toes. Sizes 34 to 44. Price at 65c.

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSE in a splendid English make in self finished yarn, with full finished heel and toe. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 75c.

DR. JAGGER CASHMERE HOSE FOR WOMEN. These are a lovely soft quality, with seamless heels and toes. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 75c.

BOYS' BLACK HIBBER WORSTED HOSE is also, medium weight worsted yarn for best wear. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 75c.

CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSE in wool and wool yarn. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 75c.

CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSE in heavy two-tone ribbed yarn. All sizes, 34 to 44. Price at 75c.

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NEXT WEEK'S
ATTRACTIONS

Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton

WHAT PRESS
AGENTS SAY

Showing at the Monarch Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.



Scene from "The Square Deal Man," featuring W. S. Hart, showing at the Empress, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

MONARCH

"The Countess Charming" — "Double Crossed" — Paramount
Julian Eltinge, female impersonator without an equal on any stage, is presenting his new production, "The Countess Charming," at the Monarch. The production is a comedy in three acts, written by Guy Boyle and Gail Burgess. It is a story of a woman who is mistaken for a man and who, in the process, becomes a detective. The production is a comedy in three acts, written by Guy Boyle and Gail Burgess. It is a story of a woman who is mistaken for a man and who, in the process, becomes a detective.

A story of exceptional interest, together with the usual excellence of Pauline Frederick's acting has made "Double Crossed," the Paramount picture which will be shown at the Monarch the last three days, not only a remarkable production. The theme deals with a woman who, as a young society matron, meets in love with her husband, who overcomes a so-called detective trying to blackmail him, shamelessly playing exasperation, Eleanor learns that in his early life her husband, when she had been inclined to place upon a sort of pedestal, as an example of perfection, had

committed a rather serious theft. The "detective" is attempting to get him to confess to another by threatening to expose the first. Touched by her husband's terror, the girl who became a thief again by obtaining the paper the "detective" wants for him, herself. From this point the photoplay sweeps through a series of unexpected and thrilling situations until a climax wherein Miss Frederick reaches her highest standard of acting, brings the story to an end and Eleanor and her husband are reunited and happy once more and their confidence in each other restored.

MAJESTY

"A Stormy Knight" — Introducing Franklyn Parham and Brownie Verne as stars of a thrilling mystery comedy, will provide engaging entertainment at the Majesty Theatre Monday and Tuesday, when "Blindfold Day" is again on hand. In fast-moving episodes a pretty girl leads an amazing young man into numerous adventures, testing his courage and determining for herself that he is the man she wants for a husband. The further the modern knight follows her through dangerous encounters, the more elusive she becomes until, in the final episode, there is a surprise for the girl as she is trapped into matrimony under novel circumstances. "A Stormy Knight" promises fascinating entertainment, along original lines. Also, Billie Burke in Gloria's Romance, chapter 15, "The Bitter Truth."



Bert Lytell in the name part of "The Lone Wolf," the motion picture adapted from Louis Joseph Vance's famous Saturday Evening "Post" stories.

Herbert Broome and the Court-room Girls at the Pantages Theatre Next Week.

EMPRESS



Showing at the Garland Theatre next Tuesday and Wednesday.

STAKED 40,000
ACRE RANCH
AND LOST IT

Sensational Western Gambling Transaction Supplied Motif of "The Square Deal Man"

What is generally regarded as old-time as one of the most sensational gambling transactions in the history of the west furnished the idea for "The Square Deal Man," in which William S. Hart is starred at the Empress theatre. The incident occurred at Nino, Arizona, and involved the transfer of 40,000 acres of mesa grazing land near the border. It changed that the owner of the land who was also the head of a big cattle company, went to Nino, and there he met a party of wealthy eastern capitalists who were visiting the picturesque town. Following a brief tour of inspection about the place, one of the capitalists suggested that they repurchase the Big Abode Saloon, the author of "The Square Deal Man" was living near the border in Arizona and quite naturally learned of it. He, while waiting about for an idea upon which he might build a new Hart story he reconstructed the facts of this historic transaction.

ROTARIANS MAKE ELABORATE
PLANS FOR MINSTREL SHOW
TO BE HELD AT THE EMPIRE

Some of Edmonton's Best Known Business Men Will "Black Up" For Charity at the Local Military Home—All Late Novembers on Musical Program

"Gentlemen! Be Seated!" Empire theatre patrons will host that world-famous show, always a most commendable event for the many of them for the first time in four years, next Thursday night, when the Rotary Club of Edmonton, under the leadership of its president, Mr. J. P. McMullen, will give a minstrel show for the benefit of the Local Military Home.

For several weeks the Rotarians have been thinking of funny things to say, and for days they have been rehearsing these funny things, trying them on each other and trying to "regain" laughs for their friends in a motion picture actor's "gag" style. "Hairs" and "scurry" are a few of the things that have been rehearsed, but if it failed only once out of every hundred times, it was decided to associate with the other jokes on the program.

And songs! Well, the Rotary Club already has a quartet of four men, who will sing several songs. But they have never before appeared on stage in public, and they will be in the show, if not as stars, at least as chorus men or in the parade.

Unlike the conventional minstrel show, the minstrel party will close the show, which affords audience an opportunity to hear the best songs last.

"THE FAMILY
HONOR" AT
THE GARLAND

The Garland Theatre is offering for the coming week "The Family Honor," a strong feature film from the World-Brady studio. This production will be shown Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and comes to Edmonton very highly spoken of. The picture comes from the pen of the famous author, who has written many other successful plays. It is a story of a family who is faced with a crisis, and the picture will be a very interesting one. The picture will be a very interesting one. The picture will be a very interesting one.

PANTAGES

"The Court Room Girls"—Musical Tabloid.
Headed by Robert Milliken, a former star of the motion picture industry, was featured in recent comedy production, "The Court Room Girls," which will be shown at the Pantages theatre next week. The picture is a comedy in three acts, written by Guy Boyle and Gail Burgess. It is a story of a woman who is mistaken for a man and who, in the process, becomes a detective. The production is a comedy in three acts, written by Guy Boyle and Gail Burgess. It is a story of a woman who is mistaken for a man and who, in the process, becomes a detective.

are masters of terpsichorean and vocal art. All and Ackerman will be seen to close out with a surprise film, "The Fatal Ring," which is a very interesting episode in "The Fatal Ring."

EMPIRE THEATRE

3 Days COM. MON. NOV. 5th

Twice Daily At 2:30 and 8:30

Griffin Picture, Presenting a Thrilling Story of Scotland Yard and German Espionage; adapted from the novel by Louis Joseph Vance.

- THE -
LONE WOLF
Featuring HAZEL DAWN
As "Lucy, the Girl of Mystery" and
BERT LYTELL
As "The Lone Wolf"

A HERBERT BROOME MASTER PRODUCTION
Snap, Dash, Flip, Yomch, Romance, Action, Thrills, Big Hot Excitement, Splendid Actors, and Superbly Directed.

PERFECT PHOTOGRAPHY AND WONDERFUL PRODUCTION

Nights at 8:30; 25c and 50c.
Popular Prices
Mornings at 2:30; Any Seat 25c.

ONE QUALLED
PALACES
VAUDEVILLE
WEEK OF MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5.
MR. GEORGE CHOOX PRESENTS
The Court Room Girls
With Edmonton's Favorite Comedian ROBERT MILLIKEN
"THE FATTY ABURCKLE OF VAUDEVILLE"
HILL AND ACKERMAN
MARIE LA VARRE BURNS AND LYNN
CHAUNCEY MONROE CO.
JACKSON AND WAHL
"The Fatal Ring"

The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

AT THE REVIEW OF THE McLEAN HIGHLANDERS



On the left are pictures of Brig-Gen. H. H. McLean, after whom the 236th New Brunswick Highlanders are named, and his son, Major H. H. McLean, who is second in command. Next to him, behind the company officer in the forefront, is Lieut-Col. Percy M. Guthrie, commanding officer of the battalion, while Major-Gen. E. W. Wilson, G.O. C. of No. 4 Military District, is in the foreground to the right, inspecting the troops on Fletcher's Field.

A CREATOR OF WORLD'S FASHIONS



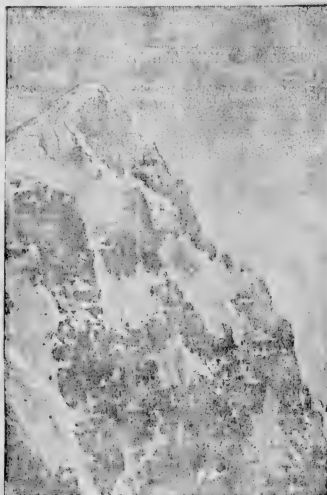
Mme. Paquin and her soldier husband. The photograph was taken in the Bois, France.

READY TO GO OVER THE TOP



This mighty machine of destruction is waiting the signal to advance in the recent battle of Menin Road. This official British photograph gives an idea of the great size of one of H.M.'s landships.

THE SENTINEL OF THE SKY



High up in the snow-covered Alps, circling above the rocky Dente de Passio, the lone Italian airplane is a veritable sky sentinel. In this picture an Italian machine is chasing an Austrian plane, which attempted a raid on the Italian positions on the mountain top.



Miss Woodrow Wilson



Daughter of the President of the United States, singing recently in Montreal to help the Red Cross.

THE LATEST MEMBER OF UNION CABINET



Senator Gideon J. Robertson, of Welland, a well-known labor representative who has joined the new ministry, without portfolio.

WAR VETERAN COMMITTEE



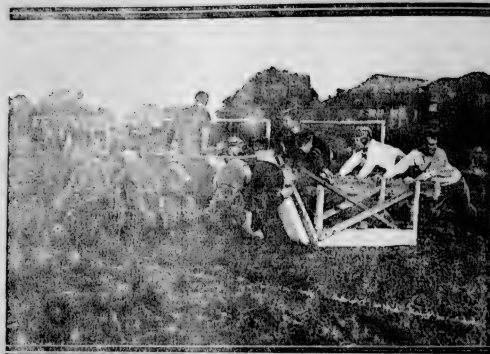
Lt.-Col. Edward Leprohon, former of the 23rd French-Canadian Battalion, Edmonton, who was elected a member of the executive committee of the Great War Veterans Association, Montreal.

ITALY'S KING AND HIS DETHRONED FATHER-IN-LAW IN FRANCE



Unusual photograph showing kings of Montenegro and Italy in Paris. This is one of the very few of them together in many years, although King Nicholas is father-in-law of Emmanuel.

HARVARD GRIDIRON MEN PREPARE FOR GREAT DRIVE



Harvard football men using the "push" machine on the gridiron, getting into shape for the great battles which are not very far off. Harvard has gathered together a strong and powerful line-up that will give Yale and the Princeton Tigers a rough tussle when they get musing it up on the field. There are no slackers on this eleven, and every spare moment is spent on the field practicing every conceivable tackle, hold, rush and kick.

CANADIAN VETERAN TEACHES AMERICAN STUDENTS GUN WORK



Sgt. Weston, Canadian veteran, who was wounded at Verdun, is instructing American students in machine-gun work at the government school at Atlanta, Ga.

BRITISH TANK LUMBERS THROUGH NEW YORK STREETS



The Tank Britannic, fresh from Flanders, on its way up 23rd street. This tank led New York's Liberty Loan parade. Capt. Haight, its commander, walks in front of it.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS OF WEEK

1st Prize
7500 CASH
2nd Prize
5000 CASH
3rd Prize
2500 CASH
4th Prize
1000 CASH
5th Prize
500 CASH
6th Prize
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96th Prize
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97th Prize
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98th Prize
50 CASH
99th Prize
25 CASH
100th Prize
10 CASH

Business Cards Continued

Sheet Metal Workers
MILNE SHEET METAL WORKERS—The largest commercial sheet metal workers in the city. All kinds of sheet metal work done. Phone 2000. 10-10-17.

Surveyors
GUTHRIE AND CARTWRIGHT, DOMINION SURVEYORS, 1000-1001, 1002-1003, 1004-1005, 1006-1007, 1008-1009, 1010-1011, 1012-1013, 1014-1015, 1016-1017, 1018-1019, 1020-1021, 1022-1023, 1024-1025, 1026-1027, 1028-1029, 1030-1031, 1032-1033, 1034-1035, 1036-1037, 1038-1039, 1040-1041, 1042-1043, 1044-1045, 1046-1047, 1048-1049, 1050-1051, 1052-1053, 1054-1055, 1056-1057, 1058-1059, 1060-1061, 1062-1063, 1064-1065, 1066-1067, 1068-1069, 1070-1071, 1072-1073, 1074-1075, 1076-1077, 1078-1079, 1080-1081, 1082-1083, 1084-1085, 1086-1087, 1088-1089, 1090-1091, 1092-1093, 1094-1095, 1096-1097, 1098-1099, 1100-1101, 1102-1103, 1104-1105, 1106-1107, 1108-1109, 1110-1111, 1112-1113, 1114-1115, 1116-1117, 1118-1119, 1120-1121, 1122-1123, 1124-1125, 1126-1127, 1128-1129, 1130-1131, 1132-1133, 1134-1135, 1136-1137, 1138-1139, 1140-1141, 1142-1143, 1144-1145, 1146-1147, 1148-1149, 1150-1151, 1152-1153, 1154-1155, 1156-1157, 1158-1159, 1160-1161, 1162-1163, 1164-1165, 1166-1167, 1168-1169, 1170-1171, 1172-1173, 1174-1175, 1176-1177, 1178-1179, 1180-1181, 1182-1183, 1184-1185, 1186-1187, 1188-1189, 1190-1191, 1192-1193, 1194-1195, 1196-1197, 1198-1199, 1200-1201, 1202-1203, 1204-1205, 1206-1207, 1208-1209, 1210-1211, 1212-1213, 1214-1215, 1216-1217, 1218-1219, 1220-1221, 1222-1223, 1224-1225, 1226-1227, 1228-1229, 1230-1231, 1232-1233, 1234-1235, 1236-1237, 1238-1239, 1240-1241, 1242-1243, 1244-1245, 1246-1247, 1248-1249, 1250-1251, 1252-1253, 1254-1255, 1256-1257, 1258-1259, 1260-1261, 1262-1263, 1264-1265, 1266-1267, 1268-1269, 1270-1271, 1272-1273, 1274-1275, 1276-1277, 1278-1279, 1280-1281, 1282-1283, 1284-1285, 1286-1287, 1288-1289, 1290-1291, 1292-1293, 1294-1295, 1296-1297, 1298-1299, 1300-1301, 1302-1303, 1304-1305, 1306-1307, 1308-1309, 1310-1311, 1312-1313, 1314-1315, 1316-1317, 1318-1319, 1320-1321, 1322-1323, 1324-1325, 1326-1327, 1328-1329, 1330-1331, 1332-1333, 1334-1335, 1336-1337, 1338-1339, 1340-1341, 1342-1343, 1344-1345, 1346-1347, 1348-1349, 1350-1351, 1352-1353, 1354-1355, 1356-1357, 1358-1359, 1360-1361, 1362-1363, 1364-1365, 1366-1367, 1368-1369, 1370-1371, 1372-1373, 1374-1375, 1376-1377, 1378-1379, 1380-1381, 1382-1383, 1384-1385, 1386-1387, 1388-1389, 1390-1391, 1392-1393, 1394-1395, 1396-1397, 1398-1399, 1400-1401, 1402-1403, 1404-1405, 1406-1407, 1408-1409, 1410-1411, 1412-1413, 1414-1415, 1416-1417, 1418-1419, 1420-1421, 1422-1423, 1424-1425, 1426-1427, 1428-1429, 1430-1431, 1432-1433, 1434-1435, 1436-1437, 1438-1439, 1440-1441, 1442-1443, 1444-1445, 1446-1447, 1448-1449, 1450-1451, 1452-1453, 1454-1455, 1456-1457, 1458-1459, 1460-1461, 1462-1463, 1464-1465, 1466-1467, 1468-1469, 1470-1471, 1472-1473, 1474-1475, 1476-1477, 1478-1479, 1480-1481, 1482-1483, 1484-1485, 1486-1487, 1488-1489, 1490-1491, 1492-1493, 1494-1495, 1496-1497, 1498-1499, 1500-1501, 1502-1503, 1504-1505, 1506-1507, 1508-1509, 1510-1511, 1512-1513, 1514-1515, 1516-1517, 1518-1519, 1520-1521, 1522-1523, 1524-1525, 1526-1527, 1528-1529, 1530-1531, 1532-1533, 1534-1535, 1536-1537, 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The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1917.

FICTION



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Private Exchange
9311

JAMES RAMSEY
LIMITED

Store Closes at
5.30
Saturday, 6 o'clock

A Modern Kitchen Convenience

The Up-to-Date Kitchen Cabinet

Not until you have used one, can you fully realize the wonderful saving of labor and time, the keen pleasure of having every kitchen need right at your hand; and the hygienic and scientific fittings and arrangement. You will be intensely pleased with the variety of our Kitchen Cabinets, one of the chief points of favor is the extreme reasonableness of the pricings. The four sizes that we feature on this page are leaders in value, convenient arrangement and finish.

KITCHEN CABINETS, made of solid oak, waxed finish. Top part finished with white enamel interior, glass doors, large flour bin with sifter at bottom, large cupboard for dishes, tea and coffee jars, six spice jars, glass sugar retainer with regulator at bottom, drawer lined for cutlery, sliding bakeboard covered with nickeloid; base fitted with large cupboard, fitted with sliding pastry board, rack on back of door for lids, aluminum bread box, linen and cutlery drawers. This handsome cabinet, priced **\$46.50**

KITCHEN CABINET BASES. You can add the top at any time, useful both as a table and a cabinet, large size, plain white basswood tops. Are fitted with flour, meal and sugar bins, linen and cutlery drawers, also cutting boards. Exceptional values at \$9.00 to **\$15.50**



KITCHEN CABINET in rich golden finish. Top has large flour bin with sifter at bottom and large cupboard for dishes, metal sugar holder with regulator at bottom, five spice jars, and large roomy bakeboard of plain white basswood. The lower part contains large cupboard for pots and pans, rack on inside door for lids, removable pastry board, which also acts as a shelf, large cutlery drawer, aluminum bread and cake box, linen and cutlery drawers, and cutting board. Exceptionally good value, at **\$32.00**

KITCHEN CABINET in rich golden finish. Top part has large flour bin with sifter attached, glass doors, large cupboard for dishes, metal sugar retainer and large bakeboard of white basswood. Base is fitted with bread box, linen drawer, large cupboard for pots and pans, and cutting board. Extra good value at **\$23.50**

You Are Invited to Inspect Something Entirely New in Rugs. Serviceable and Most Economical.

Floor Oilcloth Rugs!

Floor Oilcloth Rugs made from extra heavy quality floor oilcloth with painted back, and printed in most pleasing rug designs. They are very serviceable and inexpensive, and the sizes are most useful for under stoves, halls, kitchens and protection for carpets.

4'6" x 4'6", each	\$1.75
4'6" x 7'6", each	\$4.00
6' x 6', each	\$2.75
6' x 9', each	\$6.00
7'6" x 10'6", each	\$8.75

New Linoleum Rugs

These are not "Congoleum Rugs," but are made by the same process, and from the same ingredients as used in the manufacture of the heaviest printed linoleum; have a close resemblance to a woven rug. In very attractive patterns, popular shadings and have all the essential qualities to give good wear. See these new rugs:

6' x 9', each	\$ 8.50
7'6" x 9', each	\$10.50
9' x 10'6", each	\$14.50
9' x 12', each	\$16.50

For the Modern Home a "Thor" Electric Washer

When you think of help, laundry bills or lightening the labor of the home, it is worth your while to consider an electric washer. **AND WHY NOT A THOR?** Absolutely the most efficient obtainable Westinghouse motor, controlled by button on the machine, safety attachment on shaft in case of over-loading. All parts entirely covered, revolving tub, on principle of modern laundry, easily controlled wringer, revolves both ways or can be set neutral. Many other exclusive features. Let us demonstrate its superior qualities to you. Ramsey Basement **\$150.00**

Silkolene Comforters \$5.50 each

Filled with one layer pure white carded cotton, covered with a fine quality silkolene, instead of being quilted the centre is tufted with ribbon, the border is silk mull closely quilted in panel effect in colors to harmonize with centre. Colors blue, rose, pink, green and mauve. 72 x 72 inches. Priced, each **\$5.50**



Brussel's Rugs

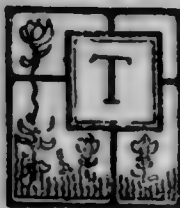
From our large assortment you will find no difficulty in making your choice in a Brussels rug. We have designs and colorings to suit any room in the home. The quality is most reliable, has close looped pile and good firm back. Note the low prices:

4'6" x 7'6"	\$11.50
6'9" x 9'	\$17.00
9' x 9'	\$22.50
9' x 10'6"	\$25.00
9' x 12'	\$28.50

EVIDENCE OBVIOUS!

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Ben Cohen



HE coming of the factor's wife was an event in Wainiasing. Westward from Kippewa, in queer ramifications of fact and fancy, went the intelligence that a new and wondrously beautiful woman had taken up her

abode at Turtle Point. It was a simple thing, but it diverted far traffic astonishingly, in all directions within a radius of one hundred miles of that particular Hudson Bay fur factory.

White trappers to whom a woman of their own race was rarest of novelties came portaging over from Otter Falls to trade. Half-breeds who could have traded their pelts for gunpowder, canned goods and blankets at Kanawha preferred the tedious trip down the Wainiasing to bargain with Andy McTavish, who drove a close bargain and was tremendously finicky about prime furs.

Opinion was unanimous that McTavish's wife was the handsomest woman ever seen north of the Little Loon. To any one else Elsie McTavish would have appeared only a buxom, fresh-cheeked lassie from Toronto, passingly comely of features and comfortably adapted to the numerous tasks of north woods domesticity. But to men starved for the sight of a pink cheek and a well-turned ankle, weary of flat-faced, mud-colored waddling squaws, she was the epitome of feminine charm.

Strange stories passed her coming. Among the Crees and Chippewas it was whispered that the factor himself had never seen his wife until she stepped out of the mail carrier's canoe at Turtle Point. It was mystifying to hear that he had met her through some strange advertisement in a business paper that came up to the post every year, weeks during summer and winter months during the winter.

But Antoine Lecord, who had been the post factor in the area, told that he had met her through some strange advertisement in a business paper that came up to the post every year, weeks during summer and winter months during the winter.

After that, during the long winter of the winter evenings he was to be seen sitting alone in his own room, and staring at the picture. Then he would take paper and pen and scribble away for an hour or two. He was to be seen to be sitting at the door, where, in the case of the factor's social inferiority, was a penicillin of the factor's social inferiority.

The new letter was sent, and it was very plain. The factor's hand was seen when he opened it. He was to be seen to be sitting at the door, where, in the case of the factor's social inferiority, was a penicillin of the factor's social inferiority.

The factor called the smiling likeness a "bonnie lass" over and over again.

GUS LEBLANC, who was only an eighth Cree and the camp dandy, was rather critical of the whole proceeding. He averred that a man past forty-five should not be crazy over women. If pretty girls wished to write to Turtle Point why didn't they choose for correspondents the younger, handsomer men? But Esquademok, an old squaw with much worldly wisdom and a tart tongue, told him there were other pictures in the talking paper. Let him write to them.

The others roared at LeBlanc's discomfiture. It was notorious that he could not even sign his name. It moved Esquademok to the further observation that women in talking papers were only for those who could read. For men who couldn't there were squaws enough. LeBlanc didn't select any of the eligible young squaws. But he was in the forefront of the throng, resplendent in a vermilion stained buckskin jacket, bright blue trousers and beaded moccasins when the mail carrier and the girl arrived.

The girl sat in the bow of the canoe and stared with wide, rather frightened

The best story that has yet been written of the strange effect that the Far North silences have on a man and his young bride.

eyes at the nondescript throng. Her city finery was torn and rather bedraggled looking, but even so she was the envy and despair of the young squaws. Indian curs barked, papooses wailed and the young bucks whooped as she came ashore. For a long minute she stood there in the center of the intent circle, waiting for her man to come.

Her corn-colored hair was looped about a pleasant pink countenance, not fragile of features nor wonderfully indicative of intelligence. A corduroy skirt was her sole concession to the local modes of traveling and the exigencies of the trail. But her stubby boots were stout and her jacket of blue serge durable. Mosquitoes had feasted upon the warm blood of her fresh cheeks and her white forehead bore the red sign manual of the pests of the wilderness.

HER eyes glistened as if filled with unshed tears. Andy McTavish, striding solemnly through the throng, took a quick, canny survey of his bride-to-be. He seemed well satisfied. Her sturdy figure and muscular arms bespoke those

man noo! Well, it's me, an' I'm hopin' the while that ye'll have mair happiness nor sorrow here."

The girl flushed rosily and held out her hand. It was as if she had acknowledged an introduction. "I'm glad to be here—Mr. McTavish," she said, hesitatingly. But the words sounded flat in her mouth and in the keen ears of Gus LeBlanc. They were married by Father Lecord, the only clergyman within two hundred miles of the point.

Father Lecord, after the practice of his faith, admonished them briefly upon their mutual duties and responsibilities, and pronounced the benediction in the majestic cadence of the Latin tongue. Later he encountered Gus strolling by himself along the shore. There was a riotous celebration at the factor's quarters, marked with phonograph music and candy and canned goods treats.

"Why aren't you up with the rest, Gus?" he asked.

Gus stared away across the rippling silver of the lake. "I would not celebrate with fools," he said sharply. "I would not be glad because an old man with gray hair mates the girl with hair



The girl flushed rosily and held out her hand. It was as if she had acknowledged an introduction.

like sunrise on Wainiasing and eyes like the summer sky!"

Father Lecord stared away across the lake. "June and September!" he said, half aloud.

"What is that?" said Gus.

"I was just reflecting," replied the priest, eyeing his parishioner sharply. "Bear in mind, Gus, they are man and wife. They are old enough to know their own minds. It is not for us to be judges of others' motives. And though not of the faith they were married by it, and no power on earth can come between them."

"Why should a young girl come up into the wilderness to mate with an old cranky man?" persisted Gus.

"Voilà!" responded the priest with a shrug of his shoulders. "Why ask me? If I knew the heart of a woman I would

be God Himself! Don't ask riddles and don't covet thy neighbor's wife. Why do I never see you at the mass any more, with Celeste Coutiere?"

"She is after all a squaw," said the young trapper contemptuously. "Of squaws I am tired."

"She is a good girl," corrected Father Lecord crisply, "with a heart as white as any woman alive. Since when is the Cree blood of your own veins anathema?"

"I have no interest in Celeste," reiterated the other with sullen stubbornness. "And I would walk alone."

The gray haired missionary smiled slightly and bowed.

"Au revoir," he said. "I go tonight to Otter River. When I come back you will be in a better humor, perhaps. And," he added slyly, "again courting Celeste!"

He turned away, leaving the slender youth in the confusion patterned by set and bright blue trousers staring wistfully over the twilight darkening water.

However comely a tragedy may be it always weaves at least one tender link into the placid roll of the "night day" life. Andy McTavish had left the mastery of Leith with a fine honor for wifedom and a strict moral code based upon hell-fire doctrines and a cynical knowledge of the ultimate folly of wrongdoing.

He had never entered into liaisons with the fairly comely Cree damsels. Neither did he make his infrequent trips to civilization an occasion for the riotous outbursts that are peculiarly the prerogative of the long-isolated cowpuncher, prospector or lumberjack. He walked circumspectly along the city streets, staring respectfully enough at the "bonnie" lassies and gazing wistfully at the freedoms of domestic men.

Back at the post he dreamed of white women, clenching his fists in fierce longing for their laughter and their beauty and the boon of their companionship. But through the years he deliberated without action and planned without execution. His love of woman became as sour milk in his bosom. It became a queer, cranky, rancid thing, a craving for mastery, for tyrannical possession and dominion.

FROM a companion his dream wife metamorphosed into a merely shapely, yielding puppet, to be coveted like a new rattle or a freshly built Cree canoe. When a whim moved him to enter into correspondence with Elsie Lodge, this strange transformation was eating like a cancer in his heart. Women to him had become chattel, like the Cree squaws who accepted labor and hardship and beatings with stolid equanimity.

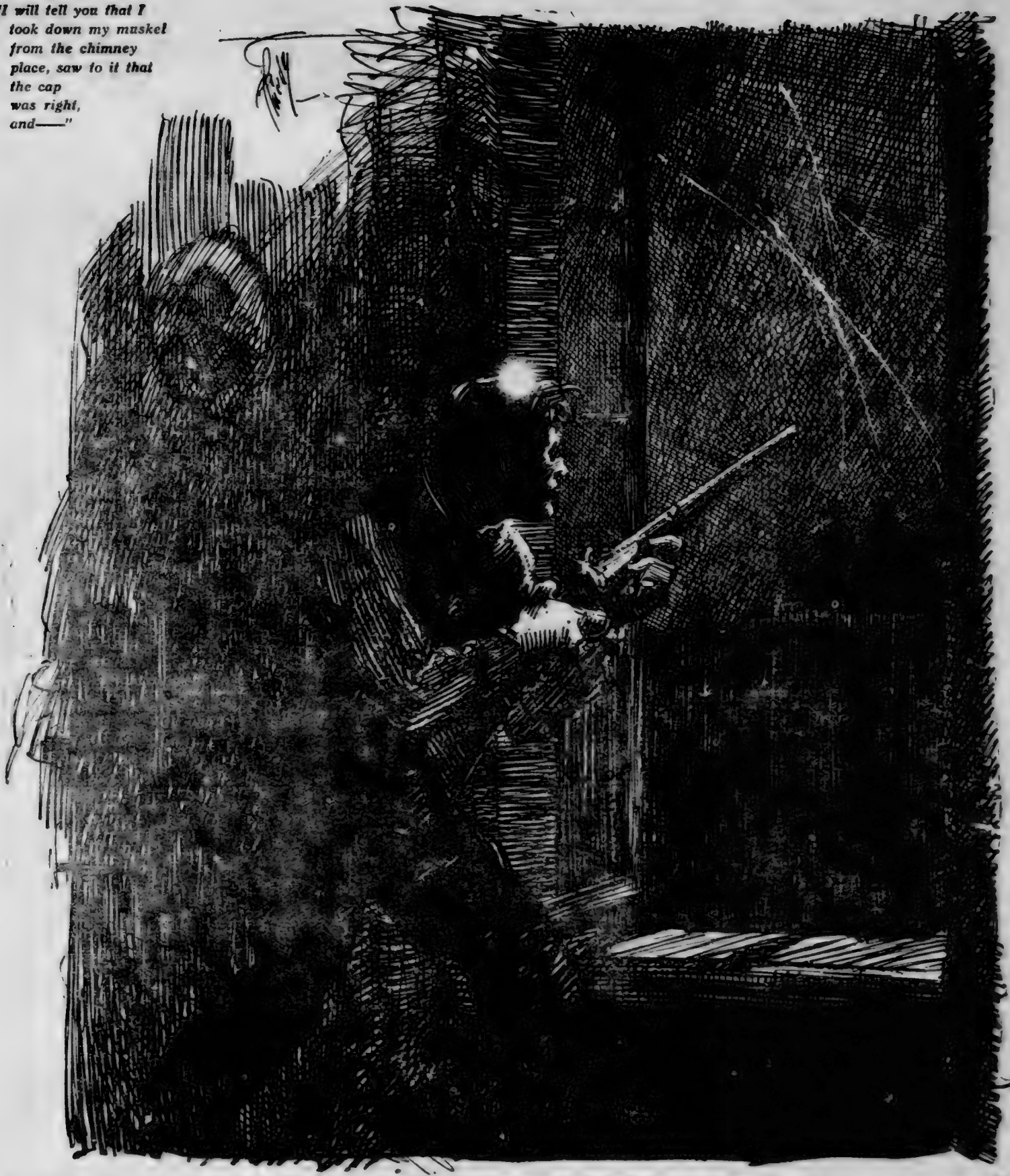
There was no hint of this in his letters, however, and to the girl in the Toronto shop they came as romance-tinged epistles from the great mysterious North. She knew all about the North. She had seen it on the motion picture screen. It was a place where exceedingly handsome men in tailored mackinaws battled against black-browed villains for the possession of charming heroines.

Little Loon was a disillusionment. Turtle Point was a final crushing despair. Andy McTavish was a hideous ogre whom in the first semi-consciousness of the shock she had promised to love, honor and obey. Her plebeian nervous system, however, knew nothing of the effete refinements of hysteria and nervous prostration. She seemed not to alter as to exterior. Her cheeks continued rosy and her wide blue eyes—if a tendency to pensive staring at the encircling walls of evergreen be excepted—lost little of their luster. Only Antoine Gareaux, who lived with them, and Gus LeBlanc, who watched with critical eyes, knew that the McTavishes, man and wife, were not serenely happy.

Between them was the barrier of years, the curtain of individual viewpoint and the abyss of mutual misunderstanding. McTavish, after the novelty of the thing had worn off, was irked by the girl's natural loquacity. The wilderness makes for taciturnity, and soon in the eyes of the acclimated trivial and frequent speech becomes a heinous offense.

To her the man's brooding silences, gruff and infrequent speech and protracted moods were depressing and disquieting. Jealousy—inevitable wherever age and ugliness tries to monopolize youth and youthful charm—added its barb. Some of the men who traded at Turtle Point were not "hard to look at," as Jack McGovern phrased it. Jack's Celtic blarney fascinated Elsie and infuriated her husband. Gus LeBlanc's

"I will tell you that I took down my musket from the chimney place, saw to it that the cap was right, and——"



two verdicts—that I did not kill the men and obliterate their tracks, and that I am peculiar, but not insane. I laughed, and must have reddened. "That is true," I told him.

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CALEB was silent for minutes. Then he began abruptly.

"Major Williams was a traitor," he said. "He was a rotten traitor, without the excuse that Iscariot or Arnold may have had to offer. He had his place in the army, and he had a fortune such as would content most men at that time. But he was crazy about money, and in 1858, in partnership with a southerner, he invested a large part of his fortune in a project for re-establishing the African slave-trade.

"In May, Williams' partner summoned him south, that they might brew some scheme for the redemption of their losses. Certain men in the South, preparing at that time for what they knew must come, found a useful and willing tool in the major. They wanted ships, and they wanted plans of certain fortifications. Williams and his partner offered their vessels and the plans for \$200,000. The offer was accepted.

"Some of the plans had to be drawn from memory, and Williams hurried back to the Two View Inn, where he could work on them without fear of discovery or interruption. He agreed to deliver them here to his partner on July 20. The partner was to return by sea from Riverhead to Norfolk, deliver over the plans and the ships, receive the money, and join Williams in Canada.

"All this I learned years later from a southern man who came here to look for Williams, to collect money that Williams owed him for services on one of the sailing-vessels. But I knew on the night of July 20 that Williams was a traitor. If you will sit on the east rock tomorrow, with your back toward the hill, and whisper, I, sitting at this window, shall hear what you say. The other stones seem to form an angle that reflects the slightest sound.

"I was sitting at the window that night. I saw Williams walk down from the inn, and I saw the other man come to the rocks from the road. Williams threw off his cloak, and I saw that he had a bundle, as of papers, under his arm. He hung his coat on the east rock and leaped up after it. His partner followed him, and they sat side by side. Williams unwrapped his parcel and un-

folded maps. The moon was so bright that they needed no other light.

"Sitting there at the window, I heard more than the treason of selling ships and maps to plotters. I heard talk that made me tremble for the safety of the man who had said that a nation half free and half slave could not endure. I will not tell you what the talk was, for that would be vain now, but I will tell you that I took down my musket from the chimneyplace, saw to it that the cap was right, and aimed it at Major Williams' heart.

"Then the night, bright though it had been, suddenly became brighter as the three meteors came sailing across the sky. But I had no eyes for meteors, nor any mind except to kill Williams.

"Observing the increased light, they looked upward toward the sky. The traitor from the South said something, and the traitor from the North laughed. And the next instant the tableau was gone, and the scene was the scene you see tonight."

Caleb Shelby led me to the window and pointed to the rocks, bare in the light glow of the moon.

"I do not understand," I said after a while.

"The books will tell you," he said,

"that there were but three meteors that night, that they were glowing and furious in their speed, and that they went out to sea. There was a fourth meteor that night. It was as black and silent as death, and as swift and cold as justice."

"It fell there?" I whispered.

"God made a hell for the traitors," said Caleb Shelby. "Why should He not drop a pebble from His hand for us poor wretches' sake? That nearest rock is the meteor, and under its tons is the real east rock, with my initials on it, and the captain's cloak on it, and his maps and his own foul bones and his partner's."

"The dice of God!" I quoted, feeling that there was something to be said.

"Aristotle was more dignified than Emerson," said Caleb Shelby. "Nature does nothing in vain."

We walked out into the spring night. I wanted long breaths of the cool air. Some few clouds in the southwest had lifted, and we could see the great comet of 1910 searing its way along its unimpeded, infinite path. Caleb Shelby pointed his cane at the Halley marvel.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps, in some other world, some other age, that flame may kill a traitor, too!"

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latus quo. It leads by degrees to more serious situations. The girl's natural

away in successive canoe loads. Some

[Faint, illegible text at the bottom of the page]

army. Each continued the solitary walk. One day McNish followed the

...in the post and before the ...

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

army. Each continued the solitary

bootin' again on Caribou."

Huddled up in the corner of her rude bunk that night the girl sobbed as usual, her whole figure racked with homesick grief. Across from her McTavish suddenly sprang out of bed. He was a grotesque thing, there in the full play of the moonlight, his lean form swathed in a queer burlap robe, reaching to his knees. "I'll see more of yer soufflin' and weepin'," he screamed. "Ye'll no be actin' as if ye lived with the old 'un himself. I'll gi' ye somethin' to cry for!"

His huge paw descended upon the terrified girl's shoulder and ripped the fragile straps to shreds. "Ye kin yellit noo with plenty reason!" he cried savagely, dragging the girl across the room. On the opposite wall, wound aimlessly about a cedar peg like a great reptile, glistened the coils of a rawhide whip.

Lauson and Antoine, listening that night to the howls of the wolf pack in the cedar swamp, thought that the eerie walls had taken on a new and peculiar intonation. Returning at dawn with the raw deerhide, Antoine found McTavish getting his own breakfast. The man, he explained, would remain in bed.

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AFTERWARD he donned his moccasins, and, rifle in hand, struck off over the ridge. The girl called from the bedroom.

"Come here, Antoine!"

Abashed, the young man entered the room, standing uneasily just across the threshold. Elsie McTavish was sitting up in bed. Her face was very pale, but between red and swollen lids her eyes gleamed feverishly. Close up under her rounded chin she held a red blanket.

"Look, Antoine!" she cried.

She twisted around and deliberately let the blanket fall away from her shoulders. Her back was revealed, swollen and crimson-crossed with livid welts. "Sacred!" cried the breed. "McTavish, man's sake, is it that—?"

"I want you to go to Gus LeBlanc, Antoine," she said calmly, gathering the folds of the blanket around her again. "Tell him what you have seen. And deliver this message, Antoine. Say, 'Elsie

forehead. He feared by the factor; after his folks perished in the white water of Otter Falls. It was hard to play him false. But the unequal contest had reached its climax. His sympathies were with the girl and Gus LeBlanc.

"All right," he said. "But me, no more can I come back. By Gus' place, I go. Up the Wainiasing and over to the Walking Bear. There maybe is my brotha'ra."

She leaned back against the partition again, with a sigh of relief. Outside the door Antoine bustled around. When he appeared again it was in the garb of the trail, all his belongings crowded into his pack.

"Good-by, mam'selle," he said awkwardly. "Good luck."

Then the door banged behind him and the frozen snow crunched beneath his feet as he swung away on his traitorous mission. He told Gus LeBlanc and the trapper listened with his teeth clenched and a fierce fire in his eyes.

"Lacked like a dog, eh?" he said. "Well, maybe old McTavish has some day some regrets, eh? Good luck, Antoine!"

He made the customary rounds of his traps that day. Five mink pelts swung stiffly from his belt, their bloody membranes gleaming with frost. An otter pelt was wrapped around his waist for greater convenience in carrying. In the last trap was a black fox.

He darted forward with a cry of triumph. The beast, instead of retreating to the end of the short chain and snarling defensively, sprang at him. He recoiled in astonishment. The brute's eyes were red and filmed. Its back was humped and it bit aimlessly at the steel teeth of the trap. It breathed with an audible sound in its throat, and the teeth of the trap were covered with frothy foam.

The trapper stared at it with dawning comprehension in his glance. The color receded from his cheeks.

"Sacred!" he muttered. "Crazy as hell. Crazy with the bite of death, eh! Maybe the skin would be good?" He crouched down in the snow while the

unwound and utter skin and swung it temptingly before the black fox's face. The little, foam-smeared teeth sank into the pelt. With a quick movement he shrouded the brute in his pack.

Tossing the gleaming otter pelt into the brush beside the trail, he set out for his cabin at a brisk trot. Over in the west the sun sank behind the silhouetted spikes of the spruce forest. Back in his cabin he thrust pack and all into a tool chest, leaving the cover open just far enough to admit fresh air.

He took the precaution to carry his rifle pitched forward in the crook of his arm as he knocked at the door of the trading post. Elsie McTavish opened it.

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"WHERE is Mac?" he asked without preliminary.

"Not home yet," she replied. "He went out this morning. You saw Antoine?"

"Yes," he said. "Do just as I tell you. Tomorrow night you leave through the back door at 7. You will do this when I knock at the front. Be dressed for the trail. We go north!"

"But—but McTavish!" she faltered. "The mounted police? It's a crime, you know. And a man who will do what he did last night will not stickle at revenge. Are you—are you going to—kill him?"

"No," said Gus. He laughed unpleasantly. "We shall fix things, eh, so that even the grand mounted police—he will never suspect!"

Privately and stealthily the girl assembled her few belongings. McTavish's return put a stop to the preparations.

She had a meal ready. There seemed to be a glint of covert satisfaction in the pale eyes beneath the beetling brows.

"Where's Antoine?" he asked.

"Got back to Lauson's," she replied.

"Yes?" he responded sharply. "Maybe it's just as well. There'll be no mair aniffin' I'm thinkin'!"

"No," she said. "I'm going to bed. Good night."

Footsteps crunched in the frozen snow. Outside the aurora flamed in great red and green penons over the

The factor took down his rifle and threw the door open. It was LeBlanc, breathless and incoherent with excitement.

"Look!" he cried. He held up his pack. "That government reward—the five hundred dollars—for a live she black fox for the breeding farm! Here it is! A real silver-tip. Sacredam! Like coal!"

The excitable half-breed's enthusiasm disarmed suspicion. "I muzzle the little devil with green hide," he cried. "Feed the fur!"

McTavish's eyes kindled with curiosity.

"A likely story," he grumbled, thrusting his huge hand into the pack. "I'm thinkin' by anythin' else but moonlight she'd be mair red than black!"

LeBlanc didn't deign to answer. It seemed to him that he had heard a door closing stealthily on frozen leather hinges.

The factor abruptly recoiled. "Damnation!" he cried. "The little like bit me. Whaur in hell is yer musle?"

The black fox sprang out of the knapsack and ran into the farthest corner, where it crouched with a humped back, staring at them with her filmed eyes and snapping aimlessly at the air. On its glistening chest gleamed flecks of frozen foam.

LeBlanc laughed in leering triumph.

"I'm thinking the black devil is mad," he said softly. "Don't trouble to look around for your gun. I've got it. Think it over for a few days. Maybe I'm mistaken. Anyway, you'd make a mighty fine target in the back trail. Think I'm be musing along."

Lauson found him. The factor of Turtle Point was lying prone beside the body of the fox. His teeth were broken off at the blackened gums, and there were strange marks on the legs of the stove. He had systematically ripped every pelt in the stockroom into shreds. LeBlanc was right. The horror-stricken Mounted Police suspected nothing.

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"A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU"

By Ella Oldham Burroughs

IT WAS a popular ditty, and they had all sung, whistled and danced it until they were sick of the thing.

The suburban town, however, seemed as incapable of change as was Findley Brown of transferring his devotion from Norma Borwell to some other girl.

This was the status quo on the day when the weather indications for Norma was "partly cloudy, with rising temperature."

Clouds began with the golf game at the club. A good player ordinarily, she proceeded to top her ball, shoot it wildly into the rough and miss perfectly good paths with a maddening persistency.

Findley, engrossed in his own game, failed to notice the stern signals and excited over a particularly fine drive. Then he remembered, with obvious sympathy: "Your game's not going as well as usual, Norma; what's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

If a woman loses her temper or fails to make a success of some undertaking, oh, dear, stupid man, don't, don't lay it to her state of health! Left to herself, if she's the right sort, she won't even lay it to her "goosh darn luck," as most men are prone to do; she'll tell you plainly she has a "grouch."

Hence Norma's ire at Findley's innocent question.

"My health's perfectly all right, thank you, Fin; I'm playing a rotten game because I can't play any better. Anyway, I'm not going to spoil yours, so here's where I quit." And with a grim look she picked up her ball and started clubward.

Findley started clubward, too, after one swift, longing glance down the inviting green vista.

Norma, aware of the long stride just back of her, never turned her head. At the clubhouse she went directly to the women's section with a brief "So long!" leaving Findley with rising wrath and a puzzled expression in his nice brown eyes.

But during the evening they danced to the tune of "A Little Girl Like You," and a followed them out to the moonlit terrace, whether they strolled to enjoy the cooling breeze from the lake.

Still registering "cloudy," Norma's pretty face showed no response to Findley's cheerful humor. Again the old masculine blunder found voice in his spoken jest:

"Not feeling any better than you did this afternoon, Norma?"

"For heaven's sake, Findley, don't lay everything to the state of my health! I'm simply out of— and sick to death

of everything and everybody in this place; that's all!"

It was the last clap of thunder. With the uttered words Norma's nerves relaxed, her sense of humor and poise reasserted themselves and she was about to break into a smile to belie the unkind redness of her reply when the look on Findley's face startled her.

She had been unreasonable—petulant—before; he had always laughed at her, coaxed her into good nature. He must know she didn't mean she was tired of him. A flush mounted softly to her face, deepened like the heart of a rose in the dimple in her cheek—but there stood Findley looking at her as he had never looked before.

"I'm sorry, Norma," he said quietly. "I guess it's a case of too much Findley Brown. I've been getting on your nerves and hadn't sense enough to see it. Here's where we have a case of elimination." He turned to go, when her voice arrested him.

"Fin, don't be a goose. You know it isn't you—it's—"

He turned quickly and came close to her.

"For the last time, then, Norma, do you love me—will you marry me?" He waited, breathing rather quickly.

All Norma's feminine love of romance revolted. What a thing to do! While there was no one directly near them, the lights from the windows were streaming out—there was not so much as the protecting shadow of a tree near, and here was Findley making a sort of "Hands up!" proposal and expecting her to hand over a businesslike "Yes" at his command.

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"WHY, you must be crazy—" she began, when Findley cut her short.

"That's enough! This ends it! I'm off. Perhaps some day I'll find—" "A Little Girl Like You" broke from the orchestra. A queer, pained kind of smile twisted Findley's lips. "That's it—perhaps I may," he said.

And Norma, tense and bright eyed, called crisply as he turned away:

"Write and let me know when you do!"

The war became an established fact and Findley Brown, having taken the

course in the reserve officers' camp, came out with his lieutenant's commission and was sent to a post in the South.

The quaint town near which his regiment was quartered had a pretty girl in every third house. Times were gay and pleasant. Lieutenant Findley Brown received more than his share of attention, his courteous aloofness adding much to his attraction.

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TO Norma there came an occasional letter not only from Findley but from others in the regiment. From the latter she learned about the pretty girls—the charm of the town, their parties and "Old Brown is certainly popular. Every girl in town," etc., and Norma's dimple showed less frequently as she knitted furiously for some unknown soldier. From Findley she heard of the work, of the scenic beauty of their surroundings, and not a word of parties or girls.

Then one day there came the letter which said: "It looks now as if we may be sent across soon. I hope so."

Norma's heart gave a great throb and seemed to race madly. Not see him again? Not say good-by to Findley—when perhaps he would never come back? That night she had the cry of her life.

For days she searched the papers for news—watched for the postman with feverish eagerness, and then tore the envelopes to pieces getting at their contents. Findley did not write again for several weeks. When a letter came it began: "No further war news to chronicle, but something else. I think I've found the 'little girl like you.' Do you remember? I must tell you about her. Physically she resembles you, but in other ways you are somewhat unlike. She is very quiet and not at all moody." Norma bit her lips and blinked back the tears. "I'm getting rather crazy about her, and if I come North before we leave for France I'll show you her picture."

It was a subdued Norma who dragged through the weeks after that. It was a wiser Norma who reviewed the times of her companionship with Findley and admitted his patient tolerance with her coquetry and moods.

The government moves so slowly, and silence seemed the policy of the press where army changes were concerned. So

Norma was quite unprepared one day to come face to face with Findley when she answered a ring at the door.

He followed her into the living-room and turned a bronzed, earnest face toward her. "You're thinner, Norma," he said. "Haven't you been—" Was he going to ask after her health? By jingo—no! He remembered that last day and hastened to amend the sentence. "Have you been exercising a good deal?"

Norma smiled quizzically, remembering, too, and aware of the amendment.

They talked impersonally, as people somehow manage to do when in a tumult of emotion, until Norma could stand it no longer.

"How about the little southern girl?" she asked, contriving a frank look at him despite the quickened beating of her heart.

"The southern—oh," said Findley, "the little girl like you?" He looked down, his eyes darkening. "I'm not used to talking about her," he said hesitantly, "but I think I can to you. She's very lovely, Norma, and I think we are unusually congenial." He laughed lightly. "At least she seems to agree with my ideas for we have never had an argument yet."

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NORMA remembered their many hot discussions.

"She's a little plumper than you, I think,"—he eyed her rather critically—"but otherwise the resemblance is remarkable."

Findley was gazing at the floor in a fond, abstracted way that was maddening. There was a pause. A street piano broke the silence and Findley rose. Norma saw his hand tremble a little as he reached into his pocket, and she stood up suddenly to meet the blow. He was going to show her the picture of his new love. There was a long mirror in the room and Findley walked toward it.

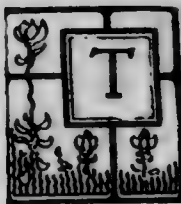
"Come over here, Norma, where you can see the resemblance." He drew the picture from his pocket and held it before the mirror as Norma came beside him. "Isn't it rather striking?"

The girl gave one bewildered glance at the two reflected faces, then found herself drawn close in Findley's arms.

"Darling, darling, did you suppose I could ever love anyone but—"

"A Little Girl Like You" came in a triumphant blare of sound from a street piano.

(Copyright, 1917, by J. Kealey)



HE whistle came first. It sounded like the high note of a new organ—shrill, penetrating.

A man in overalls looked down the track toward the train that was carrying a thousand lucky people to his own New York.

There was a small bend ahead, then the flyer came through in the night like lightning—a slap in the face to the relaxed country that seemed like an old woman with eyes closed and hands folded, rocking, softly, slowly.

The last coach hurried by—then something hit his feet. He stooped and picked up a woman's hat. He lit a match and looked at it.

It was small, and the soft stuff seemed to cling to his fingers. As he bent over it an air of the Orient, elusive and intimate, came from the tiny French flowers. It was blue—the color of sapphires under a strong light.

Then a red head seemed to fit under it. And a pair of gray eyes that could be blue, and green, and a small Irish nose, and a pouty, provoking mouth—

"A hat for Sally!" he cried suddenly. He ran up the steps of the comfortable white farmhouse that was next to his own.

"Sally! Sally!" he called. A sweet voice answered. "I'm in the kitchen, Ned."

He raced through the house and stood with one hand back of him. Sally was drying the last dish. Her mother noticed him first.

"What have you got, boy?" she asked affectionately. "You could never guess," he replied. The girl laughed. "Your first ear of corn!"

He shook his head. "The deed," she guessed; "you've finished paying for your farm."

"Not quite," he said soberly; "one more payment." Then he told them about the train and gave the hat to Sally.

"Ouch," was all she said as her hands reached eagerly toward him. Her face grew pink and her breath came quickly. She bent over it like a bride tending the pearl earring for the first breakfast.

THE next day there was a new expression on the vivid little face. A tiny frown between the eyes—a drawn look about the mouth.

Nothing matched the hat! The brown suit that she had brought from college the year before was out of style. Together they looked like a tea rose in a baking powder can.

Then there was a family council. "I want a new suit," she heard herself saying to her father and mother. "I'm tired of the farm, dear—I'm going to New York. I want to work—to live."

She was as surprised as they were. What made her say such a thing? She hadn't given New York a thought before that second, but now she did want to go—and soon, too.

"I've got \$300," she said quickly. "That will take me there, buy me the clothes I need and keep me until I can find something to do."

The mother took her part. "I don't blame you," she said bravely; "you should be ambitious—and, of course, there is no opportunity here."

That settled it. She would leave Wednesday—that would give her two days to get ready.

The next evening she told Ned. He didn't say much about it. "What are you going to do?" was the only question.

She shook her head. "I don't know," she acknowledged. "Something in the business world, I guess."

He was silent for a second; then he said: "I'll give you a letter to Harvey Mercer, general manager of the Consolidated Company, if you'd care to have it."

She slipped her hand through his arm. "That would be awfully nice of you," she said gratefully. "I'll go to see him the first thing Friday morning."

As he was leaving he caught her hands. "Sally, honey, I love you," he cried impetuously. "I can't let you go!"

"Oh, Ned, don't say that!" she exclaimed. He held her close to him. "But, sweetheart—we could be happy here on the farm."

She shook her head. "I want New York first."

"Will you marry me in six months?" She thought for a moment, then said softly, "Yes—you can come for me in six months."

He kissed the little mouth that was

By Gladys Nelson

Illustrated by F. McInelly.

A beautiful picture hat fell off a train and the country boys gave it to his sun-bonneted sweetheart. What it did to them and where it led them follow.

so near his own. "It's a long time to wait," he murmured reluctantly.

Thursday morning found Sally in New York. A new Sally with a shopping look in her eye.

"A suit, a little hat, shoes, waists," she counted off her fingers—"I'll have to speed."

The day broke all records in passing, but night time found the little brass bed in the littlest room, in the littlest hotel, full of clothes, and a critical girl going over every square inch of them.

As the last thing was tried on a smile of satisfaction looked out from the gray eyes. Then there was the rustle of tissue paper, and a hat the color of sapphires went on the small red head.

"Oh, you wonderful, wonderful

She hesitated in the doorway for a second—and he looked at her.

"Oh—boy!" he murmured to himself as he asked her to sit down. "Not—my friend!"

The smart dark blue suit, with the immaculate white collar, made her look almost boyish. And the tiny blue hat showed lots of her hair. She looked like



"I'm going to save you to wear the most wonderful evening of my life."

thing," she cooed as she took it off and pressed her face close to it. "I'm going to save you to wear the most wonderful evening of my life."

And Ned watched the flyer pass through the country. And Sally held out her arms in the direction of the farm.

At 10:30 the next morning the office boy took the letter Ned had given her into the general manager of the Consolidated.

Harvey Mercer wasn't enthusiastic. "Why pick on me, old man?" he groaned. Then nodded for the boy to bring her in.

she might be the model of a popular magazine cover artist.

Fifteen minutes later she had the title of assistant to his secretary.

As she was leaving she exclaimed enthusiastically: "It is wonderful of you to give me a chance."

His smile was businesslike. "You will prove intelligent and capable, I'm sure."

She walked down Fifth avenue—her head held high and her eyes bright. The men looked at her and turned to look again. The women sighed enviously.

Four months passed. She went to

and dashed until her head ached. Little country with a lot of internal strife.

Then one day she was called into Mercer's office for dictation. She was seated and never looked up from the notebook until he had finished giving her the letters. Their eyes met and they both looked away. The color flowed into her face like light red wine in a fresh, transparent glass.

"Miss Knight is leaving," he told her, and his tone was cool and businesslike. "You will take her place."

Sally gasped. "Your secretary?" she asked. "It seems almost too good to be true."

He laughed, and afterward she thought she had never heard such a pleasing laugh before.

A few weeks later she was sitting on the opposite side of his desk, waiting for him to commence dictating. Suddenly he leaned toward her.

"It is wonderful to have you here," he said, "but I think you'd be much more in place 'somewhere on the drive.'"

She looked up at him and shook her head. He didn't mention it again.

Then the president of the Consolidated Company died, and Mercer was gone for three days. She hated the office without him. She missed his handsome head above the polished mahogany desk. He was so well groomed and interesting—she was lonely!

He came back the day that she decided this, and took her to his arms. "When shall we go sight-seeing on the drive?" he asked.

She drew gently away from him. "Tomorrow?"

He kissed her hand. "Tomorrow," he repeated.

THE next day passed at a breathless rate. She went into her room to put on her hat—the blue one, the color of sapphires.

Then the office boy came in. He started softly when he saw her. "Good, Miss Knight, you sure look like a million in that dress. Are there any more like you at home?"

Sally laughed and shook her head. "What is it, Tommy?"

The boy drew himself up and said importantly. "You've wanted to be the president's office."

"What?" she asked in an amazed tone. "Right now?"

She went into Mercer's office. He was sitting on the edge of his desk waiting for her.

"I'm called upstairs," she told him. He looked up and a queer expression crossed his face. He nodded, and she hurried out the door.

As she approached the door marked "President" some one caught her in his arms. "Sally—little pal," was whispered in her ear. Her head went around.

"Ned!"

"The six months are up!" She looked at him. "What are you doing here?"

Then he told her. "It was the father's business, and he left it to me," he began quickly. "We had a quarrel about a year and a half ago—an awful one—and he threw me out with a hundred dollars. I was drinking all the stuff in the world before that—he pained apologetically—and I guess I wasn't much good. You know the rest. I put most of that money down on that farm and prayed for the rest as the crops came around. I've got the license, Sally."

She nodded, and suddenly her arms went around his neck. She was crying. "I do love you," she faltered, "and I never knew it until right now."

Then she drew away. "Will you wait here for five minutes?"

He laughed. "Yes, but remember six months and five minutes is the limit."

She thought of Mercer. He would be furious! She pushed open the door and looked in—timidly, expectantly. She passed her hand over her eyes—she couldn't believe it. The room was empty! There was a note on his desk. She picked it up and read quickly. "About six months ago I bought the hat you have on for my daughter. I know it is the same one—and seeing it on you has made me realize that I'm the worst crook in the world. Forgive me, beautiful child. H. M."

She tore the note in small pieces and dropped it in the basket, then called for a messenger. She wrapped the hat in paper and scribbled on a card "Harvey Mercer, Baltimore."

Half an hour later a good-looking chap helped a hatless, happy girl from a cream-colored racer. The big plaque on the building they ran into told the story: "Little Church Around the Corner."

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LOVE

By M. K. Lichtenberger.

*I found your soul in a rose so white,
In the glow and the dusk of the soft twilight;
While the blue-winged birds in the boughs above,
Sang only a single song of delight:*

*'Tis love, love, love,
'Tis love, love, love.*

*I found your life in a rose so red,
In the glow of the dawn from the sky overhead;
And I knew by the sun that flooded my path
That my heart held the song that forever it hath.*

'Tis love, love, love.

*I found your love in a rose red and white,
While the love of your smile filled my heart with delight,
And the soul and the life of the roses so sweet
Went into your words as I heard you repeat:*

*'Tis love, love, love,
'Tis love, love, love.*

MINISTERING ANGELS

By Juanita Hamel



O If woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

So wrote Scott of woman—woman who has been immortalized in many a poet's verse. Voices of truth he wrote in that one stanza. We today have but to look around us to behold that the artful coquette of yesterday (the days of peace and plenty, before any one thought of conservation) has cast aside the useless garment of frivolity. We see her marching beside him whom she once kept gawling on the string of uncertainty.

With a solicitous hand upon the knapsack, the weight of which she fain would lighten, and eyes that beam with pride at the smartness of him in his new khaki suit, she braves the admiring throngs and steps along beside him to the tune of martial music. He's off on the first leg of the journey to "over there" and she'll see him as far as she may.

She's a "ministering angel" to him and of moonlight nights as he watches beside some lonely bridge he'll see her face in the clouds that sit across the midnight blue of the inverted bowl above him. Perhaps he'll close his weary eyes and feel again the softness of her hand and the warmth of twining, clinging arms.

But there's another ministering angel

who plays a greater part in the life of every man. He knows her first when he toddles to her knee with tear-stained cheeks and chubby little finger upheld. The hurt will vanish with her tender kiss. It is to her he goes with his ills and sorrows. His joys he shares with his little playmate.

Ministering angels both! One with golden glinting hair, dancing joyous eyes and buoyant youthfulness. She goes with admiring throngs, music and moonlight nights.

But out there under the glare of the barsting, screaming shells, when he

stands knee-deep in trench mire and round about him whirls the stinging winter snow, it is then he carries with him the image of the little Gray Lady in whose eye beams the light of patient mother-love. Perhaps on his weary way he stops to aid a fallen comrade whose parched, grateful lips may be heard to murmur faintly, "Mother," for man and man alike are still but children and deep within the heart of each at the time of dire distress is the yearning for the touch of tender, soothing mother hands.

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The International Sunday-School Lesson For November 4th is:
"Booze, The Ally of The Enemy."—I Kings 20:1-21.
By William T. Ellis.

Once a year the attention of a Protestant churches, everywhere on the globe, is directed to the subject of temperance in its broader relations. One Sunday in November is designated as "World's Temperance Sunday," and the regular course of International Sunday School Lessons is interrupted to make way for it. The study is less a study of a Scripture passage than of a topic.

Thrust into the foreground of all the world's thinking by the exigencies of war, the temperance question has made greater strides in the past three years than in the preceding three hundred years. There has been a real revolution in men's attitude toward it. Stern reality has lifted the subject entirely out of the realm of theory. It is now seen to touch the very vita's of national existence.

High Motives for Ordinary Life.

The fact is undeniable that Christianity brings to bear upon the race new impulses, and erects within the spirits of mankind, new ideals. There is nothing irrational in a World's Temperance Sunday for the church and Sunday school. In this they are strictly attending to their own business. For the gospel has to do with the ordinary relationships of human beings. It is in the business of creating new men and women. Cleanliness, sobriety, chastity, self-denial, have been cardinal to its teachings. As the letters of Paul make clear, Christianity stands for a type of character in contrast to that of the old, dissolute nations.

This is vividly brought home to the traveler in Bible lands. Why is it that these once flourishing cities—proud Ephesus where Diana was splendidly worshipped; Sardis, where Croesus reigned; Iconium, which boasted of being the first spot to emerge after the deluge—are now of interest chiefly for their ruins?

What laid low the power of this proud Rome, I asked myself as my horse jogged down the echoing marble highway littered with broken columns at Ephesus while the only habitation in sight was a shepherd's hut? It was self-indulgence. Rome "did as it pleased"—and is now but a memory. Christianity taught purity, self-denial, love, and lo, it reined in increasing power over the greater part of the earth. The callow youth who sneers at the old-fashioned virtues of his mother's religion, should go to the library and get a volume of general history. No drunken self-pleasing nation ever had a long life. The reason the outlook for the Turkish Empire seems dark to many close observers is that the people themselves are not noble, broad-minded, pure-souled and fraternal.

Very divergent forces have been at work in many different ways to overthrow the drinking customs of ages. There is first the open assault and direct charges of the regular temperance army, with all its divisions and weapons. Its big guns and its small arms. These have taken position after position and have been in the stress of hand to hand conflict. They are the main reliance of the believers.

The sappers and miners have been at work, a patient process of education tunneling under the very foundations of the mighty institution. More than one mine has been exploded with disastrous results by these skillful warriors. The state of literature has been transformed the last from where it rides in the office. Great authors and modern newspapers alike have poured hot shot into the honor camp.

Denigration has been at work as a temperance ally. Society has deprived the honor dealer and the drinker of its honors. Great commercial institutions, railways and such like have closed their doors to those who drink. The most eminent periodical publications in the land refuse to admit to their columns the advertisements of spirituous liquors. The siege goes on with the heaviest increased intensity.

Intemperance is linked to evil, all ways and everywhere. Strong drink and hard times go together. So An drink and physical suffering. The saloon and the prison are causes and effect; likewise the saloon and the asylum. Disgrace, shame, poverty and sorrow all follow in the wake of the bottle. Surely this should teach men to shun drink. But it does not. The beneficent Teacher puts the thing of suffering on the nose of sin, but men heed not the pain or the blood. Neither Israel nor America could be moved by the clear warnings of God regarding drunkenness. It has taken this holocaust of horror, this baptism of blood, this rending of the foundations of society to teach men the temperance lesson.

Then the Preachers Go Wrong.

A drunken preacher is almost unheard of in this land and day, though Israel's fierce commendation of such

is quite comprehensible. The people expect better of their religious leader than they do of themselves. There were no denominational lines, and no secular nor religious in the recent outcry from all parts of the world over the action of a certain British church gathering, in refusing to accept personal total abstinence during the war. Daily newspapers vied with temperance organs in holding the action up to scorn. For the most part the pulpit has assumed advanced ground on the temperance question. Not only does it practice and preach temperance but it is quite generally committed to the crusade for the total extinction of the liquor traffic. Still it may be said that the greatest need of the present day temperance cause is a clear, consistent, persistent and unequivocal message from the Christian pulpit. Unless the prophets of God warn the people they themselves share the sin. Put an Israel in every church in America, and the conditions with respect to strong drink would be changed at once.

The Little Lion and Big Dog.

Some time ago in the Berlin Zoological Gardens, I saw a lion's cub and a grown dog in the same cage together. The dog was bullying the baby lion most thoroughly. It knocked the little beast over, and snapped it on various parts of the body and in general played the part of a bully to perfection. A little boy was greatly moved by the ill-treatment of the young "king of beasts."

"Never mind," said his father, "this will not be for long. Some day the cub will wake to the knowledge that it is a lion and that its tormentor is only a dog, and that will be the end of Mr. Dog."

The incident illustrates perfectly the temperance situation in North America. The General Public is a lion, albeit young and unconscious of its strength. Yet it has suffered unconscionable imposition and bullying and terrorizing from the saloon power, which, after all, is only an ill-bred dog. The latter has played master in politics, industrialism, and society. There are now many signs that the lion is awakening and that the indignities that it has too long endured are coming to an end. The wide-spread assertion of popular rights is having an immediate effect in the direction of the suppression of the baneful power of the saloon. The people have taken hold of the political and social and economic end of the liquor question with vigor.

Enemies Of An Enemy.

How widely strong drink is looked upon as an enemy of the welfare of the individual and of the community may be seen by writing out even a partial list of the classes of persons who have registered themselves as opposed to it. Perhaps, corporations, those modern, unsentimental and wholly selfish creatures of the new times, should be put first, for their judgment is certain to be based solely on considerations of self-interest and commercial effectiveness. Today these corporations are shutting their doors to drinking men for the responsible positions. Educators say that the effects of alcohol are evil; and the report of the Committee of Fifty leading educators, by no means "temperance cranks," is one of the strongest documents this generation has produced.

Doctors and preachers have both condemned drinking and pointed out its baneful effects, each from his own standpoint. Athletes put a ban upon it while unexpected recruits have been found in bartenders themselves who have formed a society of total abstainers. No mention has been made of that company, greater than any of the others, who are sworn enemies of strong drink because of the harm it has wrought to dear ones.

Pettered or Free.

Life is becoming more intense every year. The struggle for existence grows ever sharper. The need for the free use of all of a man's energies to enable him to survive and succeed has become a potent temperance argument. A man cannot pay tribute to the flowing bowl and still have sufficient store with which to do business in the world. Alcohol may have a food value in the sense that Professor A. water claims, but everywhere recognized that in the case of a worker it does not put more power into him, but rather takes power from him. It is only a whip for a jaded horse.

As he looks into his future, every young man should decide, once for all, that he will take the course that contains no risks, but insures liberty for the expression of his fullest powers. He cannot afford to fetter himself by any dangerous appetite. If he wishes to make sure of being a free man, with a clear head, steady nerves, strong muscles, and a body fit for all normal functions, responding to the

Canadian Countess Gives Pen Picture of Hindenburg

"I should say Hindenburg was a great brute—so ruthless, so terrible." Thus spoke the Countess de Turczynowicz, a Canadian girl, during a recent visit to friends in the Dominion. She shuddered as she spoke, as if a horrible black cloud had for a moment shut out the face of the sun streaming through her windows, as she recalled the awful memories of life in a country occupied by the merciless "hero" of Germany and his dissolute, cruel, butchering men.

"There was a great scattering of officers when he arrived at my house," she went on, "yet I could not bear to look at him. I felt as if I saw people being killed—being irresistibly, mercilessly crushed to death. He's just like his pictures—very big, very red, very ugly, very horrible. He drinks so terribly—oh, so terribly—but they all do, for that matter. Nothing is too tiny for him to attend to, no humiliation so small that he will not find pleasure in signing."

"One night I had to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning to make coffee for him and the staff," she went on. "They ate and drank all the time. Every day a mountain of bottles had to be taken away."

Yet Hindenburg was always polite to the Countess, although he refused the only request she made to him. Two of her maids had disappeared, one of them a sweet girl of seventeen. Waiting on the "great brute" at table one day, a menial in her noble husband's house, she gently begged that they might be restored. He refused.

Countess de Turczynowicz was formerly Miss Laura Blackwell, of Georgetown and St. Catharines. She became a grand opera singer and while touring Europe met her husband, a Polish nobleman, at present inspector-general of the sanitary division of the Russian army. She settled down with him at Suwalki, in Poland, just on the borders of East Prussia, happy with her little girl, Wanda, and her twin boys, Stanislaw and Hladislaw, when war came. These boys are now in a little school near New York. She is now touring in the interests of the Russian Red Cross and British War Relief.

The things this young-faced woman, whose fair hair has turned white through suffering, could tell of Prussian fiendishness are unprintable. When, in September, 1914, the Germans came to Suwalki, she escaped in a trainful of Cossack wounded to Warsaw. "It was an awful night," she

impulses of his will rather than to the goad of an artificial stimulant, then he must, in the expressive slang of the day "cut out" strong drink.

The College Of Drunkards.

I have seen the wreck of a great vessel fast in the sands of the seashore, and on its masts, by a bit of stupidity, the part of somebody, the advertisement of a well-known brand of whisky. The sight must have suggested to all of the thousands who beheld it, those other wrecks, to be seen in almost every community, who might also be labelled "whiskey, that's all." No man who still retains strongly within his breast the sense of manhood can look unmoved upon the spectacle of a man become a drunkard.

Hence comes these drunkards, each of whom has broken some woman's heart. Perhaps some few are deliberately made such by the designs of depraved men become demons. But most of them are graduates of the school of moderate drinking. It is the man who boasts that he "knows when to stop," who one day awakens to the score that he cannot swim. Social drinking does not always lead to the gutter, of course; but all who reach the gutter travel that way.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

All days come that are to be. — Dickens.

We are tempted, not in order to be ruined, but in order to be made. Temptation is just man's chance of flying his colors. — Thomas Phillips.

Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong. — Longfellow.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies—seldom safe to instruct; even our friends. — Colton.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun. That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race. — Lowell.

If I live my politics into the rhetoric of prayer, I cannot cast a partisan vote. — Jowett.

The love of the beautiful is becoming not only the possession of the rich, but the desire and possession of the very poor. — John Burns.

exclaimed, "and yet in the light of later things it seems to me happy and sweet that night spent with my children in a cattle trail, full of suffering Russians." When the Germans were driven out she returned to Suwalki. "My first feeling," she said, "when I reached my home was that I wanted to put my head out of the window into the clear, pure air. The place was hideous, awful—well, you know all about that!" and a shrug of the shoulders told all the unutterable horror of it.

"You are no longer a human being if you're in occupied territory," she went on. "The second coming of the Germans, on February 11th, 1915, sounded like a nightmare. They had just won the great battle of Augustowa and rounded up 46,000 Russians."

"When the Germans arrived at my home I said, 'I'm an American; you can't intimidate me.' Next day the prisoners began to arrive. What hideousness! What terrible sights! Men were driven along through the streets like dogs in the elush. Russians were lashed to the guns. They clubbed them; they killed them. For punishment some of them were shut for two weeks in a church without food and water. No; they did not all die. A few came out—a very few."

"Oh, if people could only know about life under Prussian rule. Girls disappeared. Sometimes they were never seen again. Sometimes they did come back—unrecognizable. Occasionally their masters led them out for an airing, to keep them alive, just like animals."

"The German idea is to rule by terror. Every day was a lifetime. Children died like flies from disease. They tied the Russian priest and Jewish rabbi together and dragged them down the street. Some Russian nuns were imprisoned there. Their sufferings were awful."

The German system is curious, according to the Countess. The officers are severe beyond measure with their men, but at times give them permission to indulge in unlicensed quantities of liquor, which makes them insane and commit acts of cruelty to the conquered people.

At last, after seven and a half months of horror, the countess secured leave to go to Berlin. When the military train in which she traveled reached Margrabowa, near Berlin, she and her children were taken out on the platform. There was not even a place to sit down. One of her children lay almost dying in her arms. "Poor little dearie," she murmured, forgetting herself. "Englishwoman!" shrieked a German woman standing near. "Not English, but American," she replied, but they cursed and spat on her. "If they ever start a revolution in Germany," she remarked, "the women will be fiends."

In Berlin she was identified as an American by a member of the Embassy who had heard her sing the American National Anthem nine years before at an American Thanksgiving dinner in Berlin. Small things often change fate. She had to destroy the copy of her marriage certificate, which stated her Canadian birth.

ECONOMICAL STOCK SOUP

Make stock of bones and bits of meat, either cooked or raw, strain and add to each quart of stock a tiny bit of red pepper, salt to taste, and a teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon, cupful of chopped vegetables, onion, carrot, turnip and potato in equal proportions; simmer 40 minutes and stir in carefully one well beaten egg.

Told in Kentucky.

The lovely and elegant home of that crown prince of hospitality, the big-hearted and noble-souled John Wheeler, was a radiant scene of enchanting loveliness, for Cupid had brought one of his finest offerings to the court of Hymen; for the lovely Miss Alice, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Wheeler and his refined and most excellent wife, who is a lady of rarest charms and sweetest graces, dedicated her life's ministry to Dr. William H. Osgood, the brilliant and gifted and talented son of that ripe scholar and renowned educator, the learned Professor Osgood, the very able and successful president of the Female College. — Charlotte (Ky.) Chronicle.

Pa Drives a Car.

The kid was reading about recent polar exploration, and how Crocker Land, after being marked on the maps has been proved to have been a mirage. He looked up from his magazine, and applied himself to the fountain of wisdom.

"Pa," he said, "what's a 'mirage'?"
"A what?"
"A mirage."
"Well, it's a mirage."
"M-i-r-a-g-e."
"Why, use your brain! A mirage is the act of getting stuck in the mud."
But as Pa explained afterwards the boy didn't pronounce it right. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO INVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.
—Feller.

Gossip of Books of the Day

CHARLES DILKE--A Ruined Life

BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

Apart from its story of an interesting career blurred by a sordid tragedy, "The Life of Sir Charles Dilke" (Murray, 2 vols., 36s.), published today, is a valuable contribution to the history of British politics through a period of forty years. Dilke watched its progress from the inner circle and had a weighty influence upon its course. It is a fortunate circumstance that the record has been compiled and written in a manner worthy of the importance of the theme. Commenced by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., completed and edited by Miss Tuckwell, niece of Lady Dilke and literary executrix of Sir Charles, no inelamation is given as to where one begins and the other follows. It is, however, not difficult to make a guess at the allotment of parts.

Since the far-off day when Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast and was "in that night" cut off while at the topmost height of his glory and his power, there has been nothing equal to the downfall of Sir Charles Dilke. Returned to the House of Commons while still a young man, unassisted by patronage, handicapped by a speech on the Queen's Civil List made amid a tumultuous scene in his fourth session, he, by sheer merit and tireless industry, worked himself up to a position of the first rank and of still higher promise. In the month of July 1885 he had for the time reached the apogee of his fame. From the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, an important post filled with surpassing ability, he had won his way to Cabinet rank and the headship of an important Administration.

Gladstone having closely watched his career, arrived at the opinion that he would be his successor in the Leadership of the House of Commons. This view was expressed in a letter to Lord Acton in 1884. As events shaped themselves, the forecast would not only have been carried a step further. Up to 1885 the only competitor with Dilke for the prize of the Premiership was Chamberlain. In 1894, when Gladstone finally resigned, Chamberlain had gone over to the enemy with bag and baggage. To the end Dilke remained faithful to Liberal principles, and would undoubtedly have been nominated by acclamation to the Premiership.

The handwriting on the wall was seen by the doomed Minister under dramatic circumstances. On the evening of Saturday, July 18, 1895, returning home from a dinner given at the Reform Club to celebrate the passing into law of the Redistribution Bill—a difficult achievement largely due to his tactful management—he found awaiting him a letter from an old family friend asking him to call on the morrow morning on a grave business matter. At the interview he learned particulars of the allegation upon which an action for divorce, in which he was cited as co-respondent, was

instituted. The rest of this part of the story is too well known to need re-telling. Briefly, Sir Charles found himself flung from the eminence he had attained, an exile from Parliament, boycotted by society.

It was a blow that would finally have crushed most men. With what courage and patience it was faced, and how Dilke, returned to Parliament seven years later by the Forest of Dean, won his way back to much of

his former position, are admirably told by his biographers. At one time it seemed probable that he would be re-instated in Ministerial office—a prospect that stirred up acerbic bitterness in certain quarters, beset him from the first. I have personal knowledge of the fact that he expected to be included in the Ministry formed by Campbell-Bannerman in 1905. Nothing came of the expectation, and he died as he had commenced his parliamentary life, a private member.

Referring to his championship of labor and of the cause of the suffering poor, Miss Tuckwell, in a touching foreword, "commits his memory to the people whom he loved and served." It will appeal to a far wider circle through the medium of a book that will be read in both hemispheres—London Daily Chronicle.

NOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among the Canadian books recently issued "Canada the Spell-Binder," by Lilian Whiting (Dent & Sons), deserves a place on the library shelf. It is profusely illustrated and covers a wide field in picturing the attractions of Canadian life.

Macmillan's have published two volumes that will appeal to a wide circle—"King Coal," by Upton Sinclair, and "The Dwelling Place of Night," by Winston Churchill. Readers of "The Jungle" will be prepared for the terrible impeachment of the mine-owners contained in the vivid picture of mining conditions revealed in "King Coal." On reading his account of the terrible conditions of slavery and misery to be found in a democratic country, one wonders how long it will be before the war with Germany is succeeded by a social revolution.

Winston Churchill writes of America:—"dynamic, changing, diverse, with new laws and old desires, new industries and old social rights, new people and old." In Janet, a daughter of the Pilgrim breed of New England, the new and the old meet, social problems have an attraction for Winston Churchill, who weaves into this entertaining story his own advanced ideals.

Readers of "A Hill-Top on the Marne" will like to renew acquaintance with the author in her latest war book, "On the Edge of the War Zone." Miss Mildred Aldrich sketches in her own inimitable charm of style, in a series of delightful letters, the story of the war as she saw its ebbs from the Battle of the Marne to the coming of the Stars and Stripes. This companion volume to "A Hill-Top on the Marne" is published by The Mueson Book Company.

result of Mr. Philpotts' way of working. He goes to the locality which is to be the scene of his story, and there he lives among the people, getting to know them intimately and discovering the fundamental relations between them and the background. From the very start "The Banks of Colne" is filled with unusual situations, and though the climax comes as a startling surprise, it is both dramatic and natural, the inevitable result of evil-doing in one case and a wrong judgment in a great crisis of love and devotion in the other.

The English-speaking Peoples

The question of closer relations between English-speaking peoples is discussed in this book, by George L. Beer. The author analyzes the nature of the established international system, and considers the problem of how to secure the future peace of the world. He reviews the history of the past decade in the light of the openly expressed hostility of influential Germans to what they designate as the "Anglo-Saxon block," and explains the fundamental aims of German policy. The vital issues involved in the war are defined, and the factors essential to better international relationships are described. It is conclusively demonstrated that a democratic, co-operative alliance of the English-speaking peoples of North America, Britain, Africa and Australasia is not only essential to their own security, but that under existing conditions such an association is the only reliable and the only attainable bulwark of freedom and liberty for the rest of the world.

Letters and Diary

This volume is the intimate personal record of the stirring life in war time of Alan Seeger, "the Poet of the Foreign Legion," who died in a charge at Belleau-en-Santerre on July 4, 1916. His collected poems, published a few months ago, made a profound impression not only in America, but in England and France. The diary, found in France by his father, is arranged chronologically with his letters written to his mother and friends and the whole volume is the expression of a brave and sensitive soul meeting with courage, and even gladly, all the vicissitudes and tragedies of the war.

Caught in the Act

Visitor—"And do you find people come in here during the week for peace and meditation?"
Sexton—"Ay, sir, that they do; why, I caught two of 'em in 'ere only last week."—Casell's Saturday Journal.

CRISP Reviews of New Books; Wide Range of Subjects Treated

GOD THE INVISIBLE KING

By H. G. Wells.

As its name suggests, this book is a representation of Mr. Wells' idea of God. It has been described, not inaptly, as "All about God, by H. G. Wells." Naturally enough, coming from that source, it is a repudiation of all existing and bygone conceptions of the Deity. Beyond that it is mainly fog. There is no doubt, from the enthusiasm he displays, that Mr. Wells' genius has found or contrived a theological system that is eminently satisfactory and inspiring to himself. Perhaps to others likewise able to evolve a comfortable religious belief by a process of introspection, the book may be helpful. That it will found a new sect of any notable dimensions is doubtful. Practicable people do not fix their faith upon a creature of their own speculative powers, and this is what Mr. Wells seems to invite us to do. His God, so far as comprehensible, seems to be a sort of mental idol. At that He is a make-shift kind of a God. He is neither omnipotent, omniscient, nor eternal. At most He is a sort of super-spirit, from whose companionship encouragement may be drawn, presumably by the reflex action of human sympathy for a God of such inconvenient limitations. He has nothing to do with mortal existence or circumstances, nor has He any relation, helpful or hostile, with the Veiled Being who created the world and who, according to Mr. Wells, stands aloof and indifferent to all the affairs and doings of men. Of the members of this Duality with which Mr. Wells would replace the Trinity, this Veiled Being seems far the less attractive of the two, for He must be a monster of cruelty beyond human calculation. The other at least has sympathy with the human sufferings He cannot help. That many people will choose to relinquish the faith of their fathers with all its mysteries, for the theory of a creator who cares nothing for them and an associate Deity who can do nothing to help them, does not seem probable. More likely the effect of the book will lie in the other direction; the reaction it will cause in the minds of thoughtful but not pronouncedly religious people. It is a powerful provocative to thought along religious lines and may stir up the religious neutral by showing him what uncomfortable and incomprehensible theories are offered in substitution for the Christian faith.

THE TURNING POINT

(By Perry Robinson).

This account of the great battle of the Somme, especially momentous in the world war, is written by the official correspondent of The London Times. In preparing it he has used his dispatches to his paper as a basis and so has made a consecutive and lucid narrative of the operations of the British troops in that action. He explains that he has made only incidental reference to the co-operation of the French troops because he was not sufficiently familiar with their share of the battle to write about it. His narrative covers the four and a half months from the 1st of July, 1916, to the middle of November, when weather conditions made it advisable to end active operations for the winter. Of this long struggle Mr. Robinson says that the British Army "won victories enough on the Somme for a score of wars." Although his narrative account is intended to be complete in a military way, he has endeavored to make it accurate as far as it goes and as comprehensive as possible. So vast and so complicated was

the battle that it will not be possible for any one to write its full story for many years to come, if, indeed, that can ever be done. But, certainly, Mr. Robinson has here told the story of the British part in it as well as it has yet been done, with skill and impressiveness in the writing of the narrative and with an effect so graphic that the reader cannot fail to realize the titanic nature of the struggle in all its terribleness.

CAPT. NOBBS' BOOK

(From Toronto Star Weekly).

Some months ago there appeared in The Star a brief account of the experiences of a Toronto man in the war—one of the most interesting and sensational stories given up to that time. It was the case of Capt. Gilbert Nobbs, of the London Rifle Brigade, who for ten years previous to 1914 was a citizen of Toronto and an officer in the Queen's Own Rifles. He entered the war with the London Rifle Brigade, and his fighting ended on the Somme on September 9 of last year.

On that day he was sent forward with his company to attack enemy trenches, and his orders were to capture the position indicated, or, if driven back, to hold the edge of the wood at all costs. Capt. Nobbs and his men went at it, but in the end he found himself with his eyesight destroyed by a bullet across the face, alone in a shell hole on the edge of the enemy parapet. Here he lay for two days and nights, with rapid fire singing over him, and at last, settling himself to die, he raised himself on his elbow and, waving one arm to the sky, called out a good-bye to the world. The enemy thus discovered him; a man came out and dragged him in! he was cared for, sent away a prisoner, and being stone blind was eventually exchanged and sent to England.

Capt. Nobbs has now written one of the most interesting books that have come out of the war, entitled "On the Right of the British Line," published in Canada by George J. McLeod, Toronto. It is a splendid contribution to the popular literature of the war, one of those books you can scarcely let out of your hands until you have read it to the end. All through it one gets an increasing fondness for the soldier who wrote it, and for the spirit that fires him now as well as when he was in action. After September 9 last he was officially reported killed in action; for four months he was mourned as dead; lawyers wound up his worldly affairs and later on sent him a bill for the costs of these proceedings. He was for months a prisoner in Germany, and the chapters in which he describes the treatment received will be read with great interest by all who have relatives in the hands of the enemy. On the whole he gives a more favorable view of the prison camps than some others have done.

The Banks of Colne

The plots and characters of Eden Philpotts' new novel, "The Banks of Colne," are drawn from two intensely interesting industries of the Devonshire country—a great flower nursery and landscape gardening concern, and the oyster fisheries on the coast.

The story develops in a leisurely way with the remarkable descriptions of nature which have characterized all of Mr. Philpotts' writings. The people are real. They have grown up out of the soil on which they play out their little drama, and the natural settings seem to envelope and color their souls. This quality is partly a

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A STUDY OF THE SINGER'S ART

The Logical Way.

IT SEEMS to be a fact that the older the art of singing becomes, the more its devotees—students and teachers—regard it wholly as a musical art, to be studied and taught as such rather than as a physiological function. With the invention of the laryngoscope came the search for the "secret" of the art until today there are many students who vacillate from one chimerical theory to another, wasting their precious time and money. Far be it from them to suspect that they must go through the same years of drudgery that the would-be pianist, violinist or other instrumentalist has before him, yet such is the case. Provided the aspirant has a reasonably good voice, a good breathing apparatus, intelligence, etc., he is about as well off as the man who owns a violin but knows nothing of playing it and must therefore start to develop his technique and knowledge in about the same manner.

There are singers even who have attained some small degree of success while still persisting in the fallacious idea that the musical education is unnecessary for the vocalist. He thinks that with a voice, a few songs, an operatic role (all learned by ear) that he is an artist. However, this type of singer generally fades from the public view more quickly than he appeared and some times without knowing the cause of his failure. Meanwhile the real artist, one who is master of his organ and his art, returns season after season to an ever increased following.

The question naturally arises to the layman: "Along what lines should one study to acquire the art of singing? First of all he must stop chasing such a 'will of the wisp' as the 'secret of the old Italian method;' then, of course, under the guidance of a skillful teacher he must go through a carefully graded system of selected exercises to be sung in every conceivable manner of nuance and rhythm, starting with the more simple forms used in voice placing and in establishing correct breathing thus leading up to the more elaborate ones for obtaining flexibility, phrasing and style.

The student should study an instrument, preferably the piano, else make a thorough study of sight singing, for only by mastering the mechanical side of music will he learn to feel rhythm thus making his audience feel it.

The importance of good diction in singing is universally conceded, yet to many the study of it merely means in a hazy sort of way the striving for clear enunciation and pure pronunciation. But few are the students who essay, or teachers even who advocate an exhaustive study of the component parts of word formation; first, the pure intoning of all the vowel sounds with their inflections found in the four

languages most used in singing, including the nasal vowels of French, then by practicing with all consonantal combinations. Surely this is the only logical way to acquire this branch of the singers' art.

With absurd ideas regarding diction there are ones equally absurd regarding interpretation. Some think it is "born in" a favored few, others opine that, if acquired at all, it is through a saddening influence or sorrowful episode that would have a tendency to awaken the emotions. Such theories are hardly worth discussing, for if the student is normal and has the usual ability to laugh or weep as the case may be, then provided he has gained a certain technique with a reasonable breath control he should be able with suggestions from his teacher to feel and therefore express the inner meaning of the text. With assiduous practice on the right kind of songs he will find that expression soon becomes a habit.

Classic vocal music is particularly rich in material useful for just this sort of study, indeed one may find among work of the old masters examples of the whole gamut of human emotions. Therefore with sufficient study of the various types and periods the singer will learn to express reverence, hate, anger, compassion, happiness or in fact any emotion the text may call for.

This is, indeed, the art of the singer, the art that has made celebrated certain singers, whose voices were practically devoid of beauty of tone and the art that has kept other singers at the height of their popularity long after their voices had lost all pristine beauty.

The Art of Practicing

By Albert Weaver-Winston, Director of Edmonton Orchestra.

One of the most valuable assets to a music student is the knowledge of getting the best results from his practice hours. To do a maximum amount of work in a limited amount of time is merely a matter of routine. One of the first things a student should learn is to practice slowly. Man is a creature of habits. His Creator has wisely provided that, of the acts originating in the brain, there are two kinds that play into and aid one another. An act is done for the first time through more or less an effort of the will, but an act that has been repeated a few times becomes automatic, or as we might say, is an affair of automatic brain action. Anything done for the first time uses up more brain force and causes a greater strain on the nerve system, than actions that are performed repeatedly and become automatic. Many of the complicated acts, if performed often by concentrated will power, would soon reduce a man to mental and physical ruin. To gain the best results the student should start by making a correct impression on the brain cells, and this can only be done by slow methodical practice. An act repeated often is performed much easier the last time than it was the first. If done correctly each time, it will become easier and can be accomplished more readily. While the performance of an act incorrectly at first, will retard the doing of it correctly in the end.

To get the best results from practicing a student should see that no matter how slowly he plays an etude or a scale he is sure that it is correct. Then by repeating it a number of times, each time a trifle faster, but

MORLEY LOVES MUSIC

Even in these days of strife there could be few more interesting announcements than that of the forthcoming publication of a "Book of Recollections" by Lord Morley. Distinguished alike in politics and literature, his previous writings have dealt principally with philosophical and biographical subjects, including the Lives of Cobden and Gladstone, which are standard works.

Lord Morley is a great lover of music. Some years ago he was visiting a friend's house, where a young lady, an excellent pianist, was also staying. At the request of the hostess the young lady played while Mr. Morley, as he then was, was at work.

"You stopped playing this morning just in the middle of 'Tristan,'" said the statesman to the musician when he met her in the afternoon. "I waited for you to go on, and lost half an hour's work in consequence."

DART FOR GERMAN SINGERS

Less Cloches de Corneville, better known to us as The Chimes of Normandy, is to be performed by a moving picture company for presentation throughout America. The producer will provide an orchestra to play Planquette's charming music while the scenes of the work are marching across the screen. The announcement leads the New Music Review to suggest that all the operas of the Nibelungen Ring should be filmed on this principle. "Thus," says the writer, "one could hear much of Wagner's music, see the show, and not be obliged to listen to German singers. This is without regard to the fact that the United States and Germany are now at war. The remark holds good in any year of peace." Undoubtedly, the German school of singing encouraged shouting in opera, at least if it was not founded on Italian "bel canto." Lillian Nordica became a triumphant Wagner singer without injuring her voice, mainly because of her thorough training in the older and more settled opera roles.

NOTES On and Off the Line

In the world of good music familiarity does not breed contempt.

It is certainly strange that some of the most sanitary homes have indecent rags called music littered all over their parlors.

Percy Grainger, it is expected, will be heard in Edmonton in March. Fifty per cent of what he makes goes to the local Red Cross society.

If there were as many chamber music circles in our homes as there are bridge parties what a generation of music lovers we should become!

If I had to live my life again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some good music at least once every week. — Darwin.

Children cannot very well choose their parents nor parents their children, but both can exercise considerable control over their musical environment.

Many a man who would not entrust his wife with the choice of his ties permits her to assume full charge of the musical education of his children.

Music is a higher revelation than the whole of wisdom and the whole of philosophy. He who penetrates the meaning of my music shall be freed from all the misery which afflicts others. — Beethoven.

Lucy Gates, of whom the world has heard so much of late, having substituted for Galli-Curci and Terasanni sometimes at almost a moment's notice and singing an entire program of Galli-Curci's without alteration, comes to Edmonton on December 20th.

Lieut. John Philip Sousa and his band of sailors were a feature of the Red Cross parade in New York on Oct. 5. The crowds on the sidewalk were so dense that it was necessary to call out the police reserves to handle them. The bandmaster also gave two concerts at Carnegie Hall; New York, attracting great audiences. Lieutenant Sousa and his men made a record trip from Great Lakes, Ill., to take part in the Red Cross parade and entertainments, and the society is indebted to him for a large part of the sum realized.

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STUDIO

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Music Is Greatest Pleasure Of Life

To hear some musical people in discussion and read some of the articles in the press one would think that foreign nations were the custodians of all that was musical and that as Britisbers our own development was just beginning or just began since the outbreak of war.

Quite true we have a long road to go before music is made a part of the life of the people of every class to the extent that it should be. But it is too often forgotten that our own Welsh people have probably the oldest existing form of musical festival to their credit. The Troubadours of France go back to the eleventh century, and the Minnesingers of Germany to the twelfth century, yet the Welsh Eisteddfod was held in the seventh century. The meaning of the word is given as the "sitting of wise men." The bards who took part were the very most proficient. It is also said that the notice of the holding of the Eisteddfod, to be legal, had to be given in advance a year and a day.

The close hold that music has had on the people of Britain has been intensified as time went on. This spread to Canada and in late years has made such pronounced progress that there are those who hope for the approaching day when as a people we shall agree with Ruskin that "music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of bodily pleasures."

Even the most democratic society is not compromised by joining the aristocracy of music lovers.

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